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PICTURES IN BLACK, WITH VERSES IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THE LITTLE RIDER.

"To-day in my picture-frame,"
Said Peter, "only see,
I find a gracious little dame
Riding, riding merrily;
Adelaide is her name,"
Said Peter.

"See her veil flying in the wind,
See how firm in the saddle she sits;
The donkey trots with his tail behind,
And the little dog barks at cats and kits:
A ride with Addie would be to my mind,"
Says Peter.

"Yet I upon a horse would ride,
I should look bigger so;
A castle have on the mountain side, —
Count Peter Scissorsblade, you know, —
And she should be my bonny bride,"
Says Peter.

"So we'd ride a little mile,
With a servant trotting behind,
And the little dog in single file,
And to the castle we'd wind;
Perhaps I'd kiss her once in a while,"
Says Peter.

THE QUARREL.

Now see what Peter has cut out:
A picture of Frederick and Paul;
And Gretchen they quarreled about,
But Gretchen did not like it at all.

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She wanted to play with them both,
And one of them nodded, — 'twas Paul;
But the other — that's Frederick — was loath:
She was stupid, he said, and so small.

"That is like you," cried Paul; "you do as you
please;
If it was blue, you'd as lief call it green.
Now, won't you, for me? but it's no use to tease,
And I'll pay you for being so mean."

Then Frederick spoke up, — "O, that's it, is it?
Well, it's all the same to me;
Come on, don't wait a minute, —
I'm ready, I tell you, — we'll see."

Now see how they shove in a way
That will wear out their jackets too fast:
And Gretchen is quite in dismay,
And wishes she never had asked.

"Ought I to run and tell,
If they should really fight?
Perhaps when it's all over, — well,
I should so like to see the sight."

THE NEW SHOES.

Lizzie — now perhaps you've heard?
Every one is talking of it —
Has new — gaiters, that's the word,
And is trying if they fit.
New gaiters? Well, what then?
Why, she's good as new again.

With her gaiters buttoned high,
She feels, I'm sure, quite grand;

When Fritz, the neighbor's son, comes by,
 With Lottie hold of his hand, —
 "I've got some shoes with little bits
 Of buttons," says Lizzie to Fritz.

"Aren't they pretty? only see."
 "That they are," says the admiring lad.
 "Now, if those belonged to me,
 Why — now that would not be so bad."
 Then Fritz looks doubtfully down
 On buttonless feet, bare and brown.

"Listen," she says; "for boys like you
 Such shoes as these would never do,
 For very soon you'd burst them out."
 "Yes," says he, "no doubt, no doubt.
 Lottie, come, let's move our toes,
 We'll never get fine shoes like those."

THE LITTLE PETS.

Now, here you see our Minnie
 And pets, — some three or more, —
 Pheasant, deer, and bunnie,
 With Minnie — that makes four.

The deer has eyes so big,
 The rabbit is so sleek;
 The deer, he eats a little twig,
 The rabbit stuffs his cheek.

Meanwhile, the golden pheasant
 Is never left unfed;
 When Min has anything pleasant,
 He always has his bread.

Her little charge she has to watch,
 Or they would run away;
 The rabbit to the parsley patch,
 To the woods the deer would stray.

"I have already with the three
 All that I need; and yet —
 How happy," said she, "should I be,
 If I a fourth could get!"

"A little lamb with bells, suppose
 With golden bells about his neck;
 I'd stroke his fleece and wash his toes,
 And comb — I'd comb him every speck."

THE FIGHT ABOUT A SAUSAGE.

This young man is Christopher,
 Who almost lost a sausage, sir;
 The baker's dog — Peter's his name —
 Suddenly upon him came:
 He was a monstrous cur!

On his sausage quite intent,
 Carelessly our Tophy went
 Through the yard at breakfast time:
 Three dogs there had planned a crime, —
 Two small, one big, on sausage bent.

Two of them were rather small,
 These he did not fear at all;
 But the third he dared not talk to,
 He'd eat the sausage and the fork too;
 Yes, and Tophy's leg, it may be, pants and all.

Now this he thought was not quite right,
 And so he cried with all his might,
 "Get off, you thief! now, Peter, stop!
 For sausage go to the butcher's shop!
 Help, help, somebody! he'll bite! he'll bite!"

Right stoutly did Christopher cry,
 And soon a man came by,
 Who made the sausage his!
 And yet, speaking of sausages,
 Tophy, did *you* the sausage buy?

THE KING'S DAUGHTER THAT GOT AWAY.

Peter says: I saw a play
 Just now, that was quite gay.
 Two play it; they have a great sword,
 But that can be made of pasteboard.
 "Mercy!" she cries; "spare, O spare me!"
 "Nay," says he, "that cannot, cannot be;
 Because you have broken your word,
 You deserve to die by the sword."
 "Alas!" says she, "I am so young,
 And now to die for a slip of the tongue.
 See! I will show you the very place
 Where a treasure lies hidden, your Grace;
 Down in the depths of a fairy lake,
 A golden, diamond-dotted cake."
 Then he: "Ho! dost tell me that?
 Then must I run, quick as a cat,
 And tell the king this piece of news,
 And then, perhaps, he'll even choose
 To spare your life, young maid, for the sake
 Of the treasure sunk in the fairy lake.
 Hold fast for me my trusty sword,
 While I go tell my liege and lord."
 "Gladly!" said she, "O, haste on thy way!"
 And off he goes, and she doth stay.
 But scarcely is the constable gone,
 Than over the hills the maiden's flown;
 And help she finds, and shelter too,
 With a neighboring king who's a lover true.
 So, when the monster grim comes back,
 Maiden and sword are gone, alack!

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VII.

THE RAT AND THE MALT.

THE affair between the Widow Miller and her brother-in-law Job was never brought before the courts, for the shrewd Mr. Miller knew that he would stand no chance whatever, if his case was submitted to legal investigation; and he thought it best to pay Mrs. Miller her dues, and let her go home and leave him in peace. But he had no such ideas about the Steiner claim. That was taken before a court, and preparations for prosecution and defense were busily made by the attorneys of Mr. Miller, and by Mr. Tabb on the part of Carl Steiner, who, from being his clerk, was now his client, although he still continued to perform his office duties. Everything looked well for John and his father, for it was proved by research in the offices of record in Bremen, that the little fortune left to John's mother and her sister was to be equally divided; the interest of one half to be paid to Gretchen Steiner during her life, and, after her death, to be continued to her son for his support and education; and the principal of said half was to become the son's property at his majority. But when this had been satisfactorily ascertained, a new trouble was thrown over the pathway of Mr. Tabb by crafty Job Miller, who utterly denied (and offered to prove his assertion) that Mr. Steiner had been married to his sister-in-law, and that to him or his son the money should be paid. He had assumed control of the whole of the property of his wife's father, by virtue of marrying the oldest and favorite daughter, who had been made sole executrix; and presuming that Carl Steiner, who had been described to him as a worthless wanderer, would never be able to find out what was due him, he had withheld the payments of the interest, and had hoped that no son would ever arise to claim the principal. And now he denied that a true claimant had arisen. But Mr. Steiner did not seem disheartened by this new position of defense. He had obtained a copy of his marriage record from Bremen, and he now wrote to London to obtain, if possible, the attendance of a witness, who could prove that he was the man who had been the bridegroom on that occasion. In about a fortnight he received an answer from

the clergyman who married him, which stated he would be glad to bear witness in the case, should such testimony be demanded. The writer of this answer, was — as John had been informed by his father, soon after the disclosure of his paternal relation — no other than Father Anselm, with whom he had spent so many months in the study of chirography, and the English language.

When the trial of the case came on in the fall, Father Anselm, who had been obliged, by the progress of political events, to visit England, came to Norwich and gave in his testimony in regard to the genuineness of Mr. Steiner's claim to have been the husband of Job Miller's sister-in-law Gretchen; and the decision of the court was, that the interest money withheld by Job Miller, and due to Mrs. Steiner or her son, should be immediately paid to John Steiner, or his guardian, and that the principal should be put into the hands of a trustee appointed by the court, who should deliver it to John on his arrival at the age of twenty-one.

Here was a grand triumph for the Steiners. Here was a sum of money which had been accumulating for nearly seventeen years, which would start them in life as they had never expected to be started; and on John's majority, he would have quite a nice little property.

But poor Mr. Tabb had no reason to rejoice over this advent of the Steiners and the Widow Miller into Norwich. He had done his duty by them, for he thought he might as well as not prosecute the cases, and make a little money; for he knew that Job Miller would consider him as the prime mover in cases which certainly took their legal rise in his office, whether he was prominent in them or not. But he suffered for it. Job the gentle gave Mr. Tabb's son notice to quit at Michaelmas, and that young man and his wife were now at his father's house; and certain moneys due Mr. Miller by the elder Tabb, had been collected in such a way as to make it necessary for the unfortunate attorney to sell the little estate which had been the fruit of his labors in Norwich. So his condition was a tolerably bad one.

However, Mr. Tabb was not penniless; and he had enough spirit, and vigor of mind and

body, to take the place of a great deal of money. He determined to emigrate with his family to America.

During Mr. Tabb's various conversations with John and his father about his own prospects and theirs, it began to appear to the Steiners that they could do nothing better than follow his example; and so, after due deliberation and calculation of expense and resources, they determined to seek a home in the United States.

There were not, on the part of John and his father, many preparations to be made for the intended journey. They had but few friends to take leave of, and those in Germany had to be bidden farewell by means of letters. To the Koppel family John sent as much money as he could possibly spare, and promised to repay them in full when he attained his majority. To the surprise of John, but not so much to that of his father, they received an invitation from the Widow Miller — who, it seems, had kept an eye upon their affairs — to pay her a visit before leaving the country. They went there and spent three days very pleasantly, and the widow appeared very glad indeed to see them, and never once thought of a catapult for John.

About the first of November, they sailed from Liverpool in the packet ship *Susan Dwight*, and a good long trip of six weeks they had on the boisterous bosom of the Atlantic. But it was an unadventurous voyage. No man-of-war — Dutch, or any other nation — chased the packet; and beside the incidents of back-winds, storms, and an occasional sail or whale, the voyage was rather monotonous. But at last they sailed into the bay of New York, and in a short time were domiciled in a very neat and orderly tavern on Greenwich Street, a location where no one would now think of going for order and neatness. New York was a fine thriving town at this time, — the beginning of this century. — but of course it was very different from the New York of to-day. The Governor of the State then lived in a handsome brick house at the foot of Broadway; Federal Hall, at the head of Broad Street, where Washington in 1789 took his oath of office, was the most magnificent edifice in the city; and it had been but a short time since very many of the inhabitants had been supplied with water from a pump near what was then the head of Queen Street, which was carried to their doors in casks, and cost threepence a hogshead at the pump.

But there was much to see in New York which greatly interested the Steiner and the Tabb families, and they would have been glad to

have remained there for several weeks, had they been able to afford it. But they had concluded to settle on the banks of the Ohio, — Mr. Tabb having received very flattering accounts of that region, — and they accordingly pushed on. But they had chosen a bad season for their journey; the winter was upon them, and they found, in their difficult passage by wagon from New York to Philadelphia, that it would not do to attempt to traverse the whole length of the great State of Pennsylvania after the heavy snows of the season had commenced. So in Philadelphia, much to their regret, they all spent the winter. Living was cheap there, the people of the lower classes were plain and industrious, while those of the higher grades were well-informed and dignified; there was a fine library, where any one might go and read; there were five daily papers and four weekly gazettes, one of which was a German publication; the streets were very well laid out; the market was perhaps the finest in the world; there were over forty thousand inhabitants, only eighty-five of which were slaves; and there were a great many other conveniences and advantages which we have not time to mention; but in spite of all these things, the Steiners and the Tabbs found Philadelphia a dull place, and were almost sorry that they had not spent their winter in New York. But they gained great advantages by this enforced stay in the city of Penn. From some men of Pittsburg, who were passing the winter in Philadelphia, our party heard of certain lands on the Ohio, about a hundred and fifty miles below Pittsburg, which, although sold at a higher price than most of the land long the river, were of superior value, owing to their lying but eight or ten miles from a very thriving town. They also were enabled to furnish themselves, in consequence of the opportunities given them by their long stay, with a great many things which they would need in their new home, at much more reasonable rates than if they had been obliged to buy them in a hurry. Therefore, when spring arrived, and they set out on their journey, they were much better fitted out, and had a much clearer view of their ends and aims, than had, in those days, most emigrants to the West. With quite a train of wagons and horses, they took up their march on a road which was more than three hundred miles long, and which took them through Lancaster, and over the Susquehanna, and up to Carlisle, and over the Alleghany Mountains, and through the old town of Somerset (which has now gone fifty years backward, because the travel to the West passes

through it no longer), and so on to Pittsburg. Here they bought the land that had been described to them, and in a week or two they had floated all their valuables down the river to their estates, and had commenced to build thereon their cabins.

It is impossible to give, in these limits, the history of the settlement of the Steiners and Tabbs on these Ohio lands. There were no incidents that were at all unusual in the lives of Western emigrants, and they commenced their farm-life very much in the ordinary way. But not entirely so. Upon the land which the Steiners selected, and which was bought and paid for entirely by John's money, was a great deal of timber, which John soon perceived, from his knowledge of woodcraft obtained on Sir Humphrey Barker's estate, to be of much value; and he very soon found that it was particularly so, from being the only piece of extensive woodland—for many miles above the town before-mentioned—which lay near the river, most of the heavily-timbered region being inland. For this reason it could be cut, and floated down to the town with very little trouble and expense; and John soon found that, even in this Western country, he could sell his wood to the builders and citizens of the neighboring town at a rate which was much more profitable than ordinary farming. So for two or three years John surrendered the farming management almost entirely to his father, and gave his attention to the cutting and sale of timber. He employed several men, and his father had one or two farm-hands beside. The Steiners lived by themselves in a log-cabin, which contained (for the first two years) but two rooms, and a sort of shed at the back. One of these rooms was the common living and eating-room, and the smaller apartment was the bedroom. About half a mile away lived the Tabbs; but they had much better houses, and their grounds were arranged with considerable taste, and a sharp eye to convenience. But John's father, though he had never done much for himself, was very competent to advise others; and he had early said to his son, "John, never mind the house at present. Fell your timber, and buy land; and, if other things are equal, buy toward the town."

So John had gone on following this advice, and had increased his domain very considerably, the two living all the time very comfortably in their little log-house. But toward the middle of the third year, John built a new room to the right of their cabin. It was a large, fine room, and was much better finished than the rest of the

house. When this was completed, he settled up his business and went to Germany, leaving his father in charge of his place on the Ohio. The object of John in making this return journey was twofold. He would be of age by the time he reached Europe, and was going there to claim his property, and he hoped on his return to bring Betty Miller away with him. He had corresponded with her from his American home, and had reason to believe that she would not object to the Ohio—or him.

We shall not follow John, because we are going to stay behind with his father, who is certainly much the more lonely of the two, although he has his good neighbors (the Tabbs) at such an easy distance from his house. But he did not visit much, and neither did they. The day brought too much work, and the night too much weariness, to make visiting very agreeable.

Before John had left for Europe he had gathered in the money due him, and taking a portion of it to defray his expenses, had confided the rest to the care of his father. Mr. Steiner had taken this money, mostly gold and silver, and amounting to about a thousand dollars of the money of the present day (which, however, would buy three or four times as much of anything as the same sum now would), and with the title deeds of the place, and some other papers of value relating to the property bequeathed to his wife and John, which the latter had not thought necessary to take with him, had placed it in a tin box. This box he deposited at the bottom of a square hole about four feet deep, which he dug under the flooring of his bedroom. About a foot below the surface of the ground (from which the flooring was only separated by a space of a few inches) a square piece of board closed up the hole, a chain from the box running through the centre of the board. The hole above the board was then filled with earth, and the floor nailed down over it. When Mr. Steiner went to bed he took a loaded musket with him, which lay outside of the bedclothes, in the place that used to be occupied by John.

One night, when Mr. Steiner had been in bed an hour or two, he was awakened by a noise in the living-room. He knew at once it must be an intruder, for he was the only person who had any right in the house, his farm-laborers living by themselves in a little settlement of cabins not far from the river. He cocked his musket, took it up in his hands, letting it rest diagonally across him and the bed, its muzzle pointed very nearly in the direction of the hidden treasure; and then,

with his head a little higher on his pillow than usual, he lay and watched and listened. Presently the door opened, and some one entered. Mr. Steiner began immediately to snore as naturally as he could. The person who came in stopped, listened for a moment, and then moved to the corner of the room where the tin box was buried. Mr. Steiner now saw him take a black cloth from a box he carried, and he perceived that this box had one side open, and that it contained a candle, but the open side was kept carefully turned away

pulled up, and with it the chain, and then after the chain the box came up.

All this time Mr. Steiner neither spoke, moved, nor fired.

The thief speedily slipped the chain from the box; and then covering up the hole with the board, he filled in the earth, replaced the flooring, took his lantern, the spade, and the box, and went out as quickly as he came.

Even now Mr. Steiner did not fire! Instead of this, he lay quite still, and listened. When he heard the man leave the cabin, he got up and ran to the window, which was partly open. He could see by the light of the stars that the man was leaving the premises as rapidly as possible; and when he had got out of hearing, Mr. Steiner came back to the bed, sat down upon it, and actually laughed! Yes, he laughed, as if this robbery had been one of the best jokes in the world.

But what did it all mean,—this strange conduct of John's father?

In the first place, he knew who this robber was. He had suspected as much when he came in, and had been assured of it when the man got in front of the candle for an instant, as he filled up the hole; and was doubly assured of it when he saw him hurrying away beneath the light of the stars. It was Big Tom Hendricks, one of the men who cut wood for his son: called Big Tom, to distinguish him from another Tom Hendricks in the town.

But what difference did it make who took it? The box was gone, and yet Mr. Steiner laughed!

Now here was the cause of his merriment. When he had dug the hole, and buried the box, he was very much afraid that some one had seen him; and it so happened that he suspected this

Big Tom of having done so. So, to make things secure, he dug another hole near the first, when he was *sure* no one was about; and in this he put another tin box, with a chain and board, exactly like the first, and he covered it up in the same way. In the box in the first hole he now put a few silver pieces, a very little gold, and a quantity of old law papers that had got among his luggage when he left Mr. Matthews. To the second hole he transferred the box of value.

Now it was to see this miserable robber so



from the bed. The man who carried this impromptu dark-lantern now set it down, and, as if he was perfectly familiar with the arrangement, he pulled up the board in the floor which covered the hole, making very little noise in the operation, for the flooring was of an exceedingly primitive character; and then he took a small spade which he had brought, and began to dig. He did not hit the exact spot at first, but he soon found where the earth was loose, and in a very short time he had reached the sunken board. This he

nically cheated, that Mr. Steiner sat on the bed and laughed.

But it would never do to let a thief like this go unpunished, even if the value of the stolen property did not amount to seven dollars, which was the fact in this case. So Mr. Steiner arose at the break of day, and went over to see Mr. Tabb, and they both went down to the cabin where Big Tom Hendricks lived. This man, never suspecting that he had been seen, or that Mr. Steiner would so soon discover the theft, had just risen, and he stood speechless when he was accused of the crime. There was no use to deny the charge; the guilty looks of the accused were enough to convict him, if some of his comrades — on hearing the account given by Mr. Steiner — had not searched under the pallet of straw on which Big Tom had been lying, and pulled from beneath it the tin box. The anger of these men — rough, but mainly honest — at discovering that one of their number was a thief, was excessive; and it is probable that violence would have been done to Big Tom on the spot, in spite of the presence of Mr. Tabb and Carl Steiner, had not the latter hastened to tell the manner in which the thief had been overreached, and the trifling value of his booty. But, for all this, they insisted that he should leave the settlement. They gave him ten minutes to be gone, or be thrashed; and his expostulations that he had nothing to support him on such a sudden and compulsory journey, were of no avail. But Mr. Steiner told him that he might have the trifle of money that the box contained. He could not bear to see even a thief turned off destitute, to make a long journey into the woods; for he knew well that after what had happened, Big Tom would not dare to go to the town; for, after a thief is discovered in a country place of the kind, even those as vicious as himself (who have not been discovered) are always ready to fall upon him. So Mr. Tabb and Carl Steiner went up home, and in less than ten minutes Big Tom had vanished into the woods, glad enough to escape with whole bones from his friends of yesterday.

But of course it would never do for Carl Steiner to keep his valuables in a hole under the cabin, now that everybody had heard this story, and so Mr. Tabb persuaded him to give him the money and the papers, and he would lock them in an iron box in which he used to keep valuable documents in Norwich, and which he had brought with him to America. When this box was locked, and fastened by a padlock to the wall of the house, it was as secure a deposit for valuables

as any place in the neighborhood, especially in a house so well peopled as Mr. Tabb's. So Mr. Steiner dug up his other box, and opened it, and took out its contents, and found that he had been mistaken, and that Big Tom had not been so, and that the valuable box had been taken, and the sham one left!

By accident, or because he had watched better than Carl Steiner had thought, Big Tom had struck the second square hole. The darkness, the unusual excitement, his belief that Big Tom had seen him dig the first hole, and had not seen the second one, had all combined to make Carl Steiner so certain that the thief had the decoy box, that he did not consider anything else possible. And now he had deliberately given away a great part of his son's fortune, — perhaps all of his available capital, — for who knew what might have happened to his expected fortune in Europe?

Carl Steiner was almost crazy, and, seizing his gun, he would have started alone after the robber; but Mr. Tabb restrained him. Big Tom had already two hours' start, and pursuit of that kind would be of no avail. He had no doubt examined the contents of the box, and knew how necessary it was for him to get away with it. Therefore the search must be general and systematic. Mr. Tabb's son, who arrived on horseback at the Steiner cabin soon after this last terrible discovery, was desired by his father to give him his horse, and to hurry home, get another horse, and then with Mr. Steiner (who was urged to saddle his horse as quickly as possible) to meet him at the men's cabins. Mr. Tabb now rode down to the said cabins as hard as he could gallop. The first thing he did when he got there was to send a young boy, son of one of the men, to the camp of some Miami Indians, who had been living all summer on the river bank, a half-mile or so away. The boy was to run as fast as he could go, and tell Fish-tail and Red Lizard to come up to the cabins immediately. In less than half an hour these two Indians, hoping to make some money by this sudden call, were at the cabins. Mr. Steiner and Henry Tabb had arrived before, and now Mr. Tabb made his arrangements. Mr. Steiner and Henry were to ride through the woods to the west, along an old road which Big Tom might have taken for the sake of expedition. The men, who had no horses, were to scatter themselves through the woods to the north and northwest, while he and the two Indians would follow the river road, the direction the thief had taken when he left the

cabins. No one was left to guard the settlement, for there was nothing now to steal, which could be considered in the same moment as the valuable tin box. All the men were armed in some way, and they were off on their respective routes as soon as they heard their directions.

As Mr. Tabb rode along the river road, with the two Indians following the tracks of Big Tom in the woods at his left, he thought justly that on him depended the chances of the capture of the robber. The rest were nervous and excited, or furious and impetuous. If he did not keep cool and wary, the man would certainly get away.

The Indians, who had kept almost parallel with him for a mile or more, now came into the road just before him. They traced the culprit's

big and hurried tracks for at least two miles along the road, and then they found that they led down through a thick mass of underbrush directly to the river. Here was every sign of the recent launching of a canoe. Big Tom had taken to the water.

Mr. Tabb now paused to consider. The thief had certainly not chosen to go down the stream, for he would soon have passed in full view of the cabins; and after that, he would be seen from the encampment of the Indians, who might reasonably be supposed to know of his deeds by this time, and give pursuit. He would not go up stream, because his passage must necessarily be very slow.

"No," said Mr. Tabb to himself, "he has crossed the river."

THE LEGEND OF NAUCOOCHEE.

In the upper part of the State of Georgia there is a region of country celebrated for its beautiful scenery. There the little mountain stream Tallulah forces for itself a passage lengthwise of the mountain, and dashes foaming, by successive leaps, through the gorge, forming falls and cascades of wildest and most magnificent beauty.

Here the beautiful Tuccoa precipitates itself over a ledge of rocks so high, that long ere the stream has reached the basin below, it has broken into a shower of drops, like great pearls, making one feel that surely the fairies arc at play above; while not many miles distant lies the Valley of Naucoochee, sunning itself between ranges of high hills; while Mount Yonah, towering up at the end, closes up the valley, and seems like a citadel, overlooking and guarding the whole.

Here the young maiden Naucoochee first saw the light,—here grew in beauty, like one of the wild flowers of her native hills, until the name "Naucoochee," "Star of the Evening," given her by the fond love of the old chief her father, became to the whole tribe a reality. She was their star, the light of their eyes, the desire of their hearts. They gloried in her beauty and grace; to these untutored sons of the forest she was more than a queen, more than human; they deified her, they worshipped her as divine; her wish expressed, or even imagined, sent many a young warrior forth to deeds of valor, and her prayer disarmed the wrath of many an older

chief, who, at her bidding, gave his captives to her mercy.

The choicest spoils of the hunt were laid at her wigwam; and when, with the fitful grace of girlhood, she would twine the wild clematis in her hair, and, tricking herself out in the soft doeskins, and the eagles' feathers, and all the ornaments he had brought her from his last traffic with the white traders, dance before her father,—at first with the slow, measured movement which befitted an Indian princess, and then exciting herself to faster, and faster, and faster movements, until the little moccasined feet seemed like flying fairies, and her bright eyes sparkled like twin stars,—even the old chief, Indian and stern as he was, could not repress a grunt of delight, and felt that the spoils from a hundred hostile tribes could not make up to him the loss of his beloved daughter.

But now the time drew near when all the friendly tribes should meet in council in the Valley of Yonah. Never had such preparations been made, never such anxiety shown by the young braves, for the fame of Naucoochee's beauty had spread far and wide, and even tribes hitherto hostile now resolved to send ambassadors, and ask admission to the league: such was the charm which she exercised, such the power she wielded.

In the golden month of the year, the glorious October, the league was to assemble,—but one more moon should fill, and the time would have

come, — when a fearful pestilence suddenly broke out among the people. Day by day they sickened and died; day by day the old, the young people, and chiefs, men and women, dropped, and stretched themselves out, never to rise again. Every face paled with fear, every heart grew faint with dread. Offerings of every kind were made to appease the angry God. By night and by day the watch-fires burned, where, with never ceasing cries and prayers, the prophets besought the Great Spirit. Then altars were built, and human sacrifices offered, hoping vainly that the blood of the captive victim would atone for the hidden sin (whatever it might be) for which they were being thus grievously afflicted. Still the wing of the death angel swept over the devoted valley.

Now the prophets proclaimed a rigid fast, and called upon the braves to humble themselves around the Sacred Cave, into which they would retire, to seek an answer from the Most High; to beseech Him to let them know what their sin had been, and how they must atone for it — how appease his Vengeance. For three days and nights they prayed and fasted; with bloodshot eyes, with parching lips, with shrieks and wailings, they scourged themselves, they cut themselves with knives, until the worn-out, fainting frames fell prone upon the ground.

A deep, deep silence, a hush, as if of expectation; and then a rushing, mighty wind, which shook the tall pines, and bowed them to the ground as reeds; and then the loud rolling thunder leapt from crag to crag, from mountain to mountain, and the fierce lightning flashed, almost blinding the eyes of those who dared to raise them. The gentle Tallulah, swollen with the resistless rain, rushed from its mountain bed, and forced its way in maddening cascades through the whole mountain's length, forming terrific gorges and defiles.

Another hush! and then, with matted hair and gleaming eyes and bleeding flesh, the Prophet stood before them.

"O lost and erring children, hear the message which the Great Spirit sends through me to you:

"Ye have loved the human and the beautiful more than the Divine; and naught can expiate the sin, and drive away the avenger, but the free-will offering of your most precious, your most beautiful!"

A silence as of death followed the announcement. Then O! what a wail of anguish rose

upon the air! The old chief bowed his head, and rocked himself in agony; no tear might stain his cheek, but his heart wept blood, for every eye turned straight upon Naucoochee.

She had risen at the announcement, and stood as one transfixed with horror; then starting forward, knelt, and laid her head upon her father's knee, and only said, "My father, I am here."

At the entrance to the valley, upon a beautiful mound, grew a tall, straight pine. There Naucoochee chose to die, — there, whence she could see all the beauty of her lovely valley. Never had the skies been so blue, never the mountains so brilliant in their October dress of crimson and gold; never the air so clear, never the song of the birds so sweet, and never had Naucoochee been so surpassingly beautiful, as on that next morning, when, in all her bridal trickery, she stood at the foot of the green pine — to die. Gifts, as if for her marriage, had been made her, and were heaped at her feet. The bridal song had been sung, the death dance finished; but though the women around her wept and wailed, no tear moistened her eye. Life, beautiful life, was very dear to her, but she was yielding it up a willing sacrifice for the good of her people; and with the rapt look of a seraph she calmly awaited death.

Now the end was near. Closing around her, the death dance over, each warrior waited with bended bow the signal from the chief. Calmly she looked upon them all; then loosing the girdle from her slender waist, beckoned young Oecola, and bade him keep it till in the gardens of the blest they met again.

One more loving, lingering look adown her beautiful valley, as it lay laughing in the sunlight; one more loving glance at the companions of her childhood; then, turning to her father, she stretched forth her arms to him, with the imploring cry, "Thy arrow, O my father, send me home!"

And as she fell, the plague was stayed. The death angel, satisfied, carried her glorified spirit to the gardens of the blest, and returned no more to the valley, which, since that day, has borne her name.

Where she died, there they buried her. A mound of stones heaped above her, marks, to this day, the spot. The green pine still stands tall and beautiful, and twining around it an ivy creeps up, and, in memory of the precious blood there spilled, bears clusters of rich red berries.

POOR PUSS.

ALL his life long — which, by the way, hadn't been so very long, now I think of it — Harry had devoted himself to the dynasty of Puss. When he was a little fellow in his cradle, with a funny bald crown, and tiny hands that grasped at everything and held nothing, he always managed to show his affection for poor Puss by possessing himself of a generous lock of her hair, and pulling her ears smartly. Puss never resented these things; she seemed to know that, however awkwardly expressed, they were meant as courtesies, so she simply meowed her acknowledgments; and when Harry found that his feet were made to walk and not to play with, that they had the knack of carrying him wheresoever he would, her dislike to rude handling was only conveyed in the mild form of running her head under the sofa when he pursued, with the idea, perhaps, that as she couldn't see, therefore, she couldn't be seen. But she was always captured, as a matter of course, and carried upside down, by the ears, and sometimes by the tail, just as it happened, till the laws of gravity became too much for them, and they both tumbled down together, and it was all to go over again. It was only when he had mastered somewhat of the mother tongue, and could make his wants and thoughts known in very suspicious grammar, that he made the queer discovery that Puss was taller sitting down than standing up, and had pockets in her ears, while he only had them in his apron.

But by and by Harry grew in years and in discretion, and went to live with his grandfather in a farming district. He was eight years old at this time, and just as fond of kittens as when he pulled them into pieces to show his regard. But alas! there was no puss at grandpapa's; and having cried his eyes out for leaving mamma, — like the wise man in "Mother Goose," — he cried them in again, because there was no kitten; he was even obliged to borrow one of a neighbor, and no doubt would have kept it till this time, if grandpa hadn't sent it home in a bag, with buttered feet, to make sure of keeping it there. It was really a serious loss to Harry, and I dare say he would have sung "What is home without a Kitten," if he had ever thought of it.

Well, one day, do you know, — of course you don't, or I shouldn't take the pains to tell you — and it was Harry's birthday too, — a cat came to the door, of her own accord as it appeared, and insisted upon remaining; would in no case be

turned out, would instantly come in again if she were — through the key-hole, one would have said; she was so handsome, and well-behaved, and good-tempered, never quarreling with Gip, — never quarreling anything to speak of, that is, — always allowing him the biggest bone, and only putting up her back when he licked milk from the same dish, and licked up the lion's share; withal, made herself so entirely at home, and purred so contentedly, that no one had the heart to leave her out in the cold. Harry made much of her — nothing was too good for her; he watched her as narrowly as she didn't watch the mice, for fear she might disappear as strangely as she came. One morning she came in from the shed with a conscious air of dignity, and began a diligent search for a snug and cozy corner; she tried the rocking-chair, but it made her sea-sick; she jumped into grandpapa's chair, but seemed aware that it was unsafe, as well on account of the owner's weight as his anger, and at last she cuddled herself into grandma's work-basket, well pleased with her success. It was as if she said, "Ah, this is the very place for us!" and forthwith she sped back to the shed, and appearing in a few seconds with the least bit of a kitten in her mouth, deposited it in the basket, and returned for the other members of her family; and when grandma went to take up her work, she found five little balls of fur and purr making themselves comfortable among her goods and chattels. She screamed, and Harry clapped his hands, and Puss looked on as if she thought they were applauding her; and just then grandpa came in, and said that one cat was already too much, and as for six, — he wouldn't hear to it. Harry must take them down to the brook and —

"O, Grandpa, I never can!" said Harry.

"What has been done, can be done again."

"They are so pretty," he pleaded.

"Pretty is that pretty does," said Grandpapa.

"They'll catch all the mice in the barn."

"I'd rather have the mice."

"But" —

"No 'buts' about it, sir. Take them away this minute."

Harry took them up in a little basket when Puss had gone out for an airing; his hands trembled so much that he dropped basket and all, and they swarmed out, as if to ask why they were turned topsy-turvy; they really had a mind to open their eyes and look into it; but Harry put

them back, and went off with slow step in the direction of the brook. Down there he leaned over and looked into the clear water, that gurgled and sung to itself, just as if it said, "Don't be afraid of me, I wouldn't hurt a kitten;" but Harry remembered once when he had fallen off the foot-bridge, further down the stream, and how the current seized and sucked him down, and down, and all the world became a great rainbow, and he knew nothing more till he woke up in bed, with grandma and the doctor rubbing him

Harry knew that presently he should be sent for; he made a bold stroke; he caught up one kitten in each hand, he held his hands above the stream, and shut his eyes; then, he opened his fingers, and the kittens clung to them like burrs. "They're fighting for life," said he, "I think they ought to have it;" and he put them all back into the basket, and trudged off to the barn. Up in the loft, an empty barrel, which he had half-filled with hay, made a warm and cozy nest for the five; and having provided them with some milk from the dairy, he covered them up securely, and went in to dinner. He said to himself that every day he would feed them, till they were old enough to shift for themselves, or some one in the neighborhood became mice-ridden; but, like other little boys, he sometimes forgot to-morrow the good intentions of to-day.

While they were at dinner Uncle Dan proposed they should go in a party to Blue Heath, and gather berries for the market; and nothing to do but Harry must coax and beg, till grandma said, "Why not let the child have a chance to turn an honest penny?" and so Harry went. They set out, like a band of gypsies, with baskets, and tin-pails, and hampers filled with sandwiches and doughnuts, and bottles of fresh milk. Harry thought he had never been so happy in his whole life; he thought the same, strange to say, when Puss took up her quarters at the farm, when the men found a honey-comb in the woods, when the new threshing-machine came home; but there was something very delightful to him in galloping through the dim, sweet-smelling woods, with the wind singing among the branches, and birds whirring across the path: never had the sun shone so brightly, where it struck through an opening in the trees, and made a golden highway fit for the dryads. They all sang at the top of their voices, and halloed to the echoes till the forest seemed to be clapping its hands and trembling with glee. Black crows went cawing across the sky, a great hawk circled about them, a little gray squirrel paused to look at Harry's red cheeks and dancing eyes, and wondered, no doubt, why he was so happy, and not a nut beforehand in the world. By and by they reached the heath, and went to work in earnest to fill their baskets with the precious, bloomy berries. Harry found it very hard not to use his mouth as a basket,—it seemed to be the most natural place for them, it was *such* a piece of work to cover the bottom of his basket; but when that was once done, they began forthwith to jostle each other up to the brim, while Harry began to



for dear life. The kittens had nobody to rub them! He peeped into the basket; they had settled themselves quite comfortably, as though they meant to make the best of it; and now they opened their mouths, and with one voice asked if it wasn't 'most dinner-time. He took one out in his hand, patting its little gray back. "It's a downright pity," said he; "I wish grandpa liked kittens: the *idea* of drowning them, when they can't bear to get their feet wet! I say it's a shame!" The horn was blowing for dinner, and the little creatures were mewing a hungry chorus;

wonder (much like the milk-maid in the story) what he should buy with the proceeds. He had wanted a pair of skates dreadfully, last winter; Uncle Dan had made him a sled, but he said that skates grew; perhaps this is what he meant, — they grew as berries, to be picked and sold! But then he wanted a jackknife, too, and a Sunday hat, and he drew on his imagination and his berries at a fearful rate, in considering what delightful objects it was possible to transform them into. He became puzzled beyond measure in trying to find the value of eleven quarts at seven and one-half cents per quart, and at supper-time had quite lost his appetite and his reckoning. Uncle Dan had made a fire of brushwood, and boiled the tea-kettle in style, while the others pitched the tent; for they were going to stay all night, so as to be able to carry off half the heath next day in their hamper. The fire blazed and sputtered away merrily, the tea-kettle sang "The days when I went gypsying," the sunset faded in the sky, and went out in a glimmer of starry twilight; and then they all crouched around the door of the tent, before the snapping blaze, and told wonderful stories, and sang and whistled, till all the air throbbed to music, and the little heath-birds couldn't get a wink of sleep. When Harry woke up about midnight, he saw a great white star looking at him through a chink in the tent, a cricket was saying "Good-night" to a fire-fly that had just glanced in, and then he didn't see anything more till broad daylight.

The next day, when every one's basket, or what not, wouldn't hold another berry, it was agreed that a portion of the party should go directly to the market-town, and trade them off before they should have time to spoil, or the market should be glutted; and as Harry had been unusually diligent, he was allowed to go with them. He had never, never seen such a lovely scene in all his days; he was completely carried away with the bustle and chaffering; with the rough-and-ready man, who made nothing of his berries, — or precious little, — but measured them out as carelessly as if they had been potatoes, and reckoned them up in a twinkling; with the great houses whose tops he couldn't see; with the hosts of people whom he didn't know from Adam, and the dirty children who hung about the stalls with longing eyes and light fingers. Indeed, he was so touched by these last, — by the turn of their hungry mouths, and the wistful gleam of their eyes, — that he actually bought a quart of his own berries at an advance of three cents, and divided them among them; he was soon the centre

of a vast mob, which "asked for more," and darkly hinted that it would pay to eat himself, as no doubt he was made of berries, having grown in the woods. As it was already late when their wares were disposed of, and Uncle Dan had other business in town, he decided to stay all night again, and go home the next afternoon, if nothing happened. Nothing, except staying forever, could have been more to Harry's mind; he strolled out next morning, and lost his way and found it over and over again; and looked into the shop-windows, and stared at all manner of strange and delightful toys such as he had never dreamed of, and rattled his money in his pockets, and felt himself indeed a millionaire, and able to purchase almost anything, only he hadn't determined what it should be. There was a blue and scarlet drum hanging high — like sour grapes — in the window; he had wanted just such a drum, since he was so tall; there was a great pyramid of marbles, like little cannon-balls; there were stacks of pop-guns, and tops, that went to his heart; indeed, there was no end, and one might say no beginning, to the bewildering mass of desirable things. He had turned somewhat away, and was listening attentively to a hand-organ, and watching a monkey in military dress dance and chatter; he had given himself up entirely to the novelty of the scene, and was laughing uproariously at General Monkey's quaint ways, at the red cap which he passed among the crowd, and into which Harry dropped some pennies, at the glistening epaulets and the mimic sword, when suddenly — could he believe his ears?

"Meow, meow, meow!" said a great gray cat, brushing against him, and looking up into his face. "Don't forget the kittens at home," she said as plain as day, or so it sounded to Harry. "Don't forget the kittens at home." Harry turned the color of ashes, and his knees shook under him; all the dazzling shop-windows, the monkey, the hand-organ, the gazing, idle crowd, everything, had vanished like the splendors of a fairy tale, and he saw only a barrel in an old barn-loft, and five little starved kittens, that climbed the sides, and fell back fainting, and crying piteously. He turned on his heel in a flash, he fell and cut his face without knowing it, he ran between files of carriages, and barely escaped destruction, and after some time he found Uncle Dan.

"Let's go home," said he, panting for breath.

"Go home? I thought you liked here?"

"O, no, no! I must go home: I must!"

"Well, we shall go day after to-morrow; I

must wait and see what Harkness offers for the west meadow."

"O Uncle Dan, I can't wait. I must get home: *I've got business!*"

"You have!" laughed his uncle; "so have I; which do you think is the most important?"

"Mine!"

"Well, I'm sorry, for it must stand over; there's no one going our way, lad, so make up your mind to stay and enjoy it."

Harry knew a better thing to do under the circumstances, and he did it; and when Uncle Dan went to call him to dinner, he found a slip of paper only, which read, —

"dear unkle I hev warked home it was nes-sary and ime tuff harry."

He had discovered that if you want a thing done you must do it yourself, in most cases; and he had literally stolen a march on his "unkle" — the first theft he ever committed, and the last. He was already trudging over hill and hollow, over brier and brake, scratching his hands, tearing his clothes, losing his way, and growing both sleepy and lame. What a fearfully long way home it was; how the soles of his little feet burned and smarted, till he could scarcely drag one after the other. But he gave himself no pity; he reserved all that for the poor kittens, picturing them in the slow torture of starvation, if not already dead; and how painful that was, his own unsated appetite was beginning to teach him. Still he toiled on by day and night, catching a nap on the sly, as it were; or, rather, the nap catching him. Once, he really had a lift of two miles or more from a farmer, to whom he confided his grief, and who promised to adopt one of the kittens, if any survived. This was great gain, — it inspirited, and gave him wings for the rest of his journey; and before sundown, the old weather-vane on grandpa's barn glittered, and fairly laughed in his face. Harry laughed too, though he could have cried just as easily.

"There's Harry, 'pon my word!" said Grandma, looking over her spectacles; "poor child, walked all the way? Is it possible they allowed you to? So homesick?"

"No, I wasn't homesick, grandma; and I ran away; it was — it was the kittens!" Surely the cat was out of the bag now, if ever.

"The kittens! bless you, didn't you drown them? You're talking in your sleep, I reckon."

But Harry did not stop "to parley or dissemble;" he was down in the dairy in a jiffy, and out to the barn in another, and a swallow couldn't have reached the loft sooner than he, with the milk spattering his already bedraggled clothes, and his heart dancing a jig in his bosom. He wrenched the cover off the barrel then, and let his frightened gaze fall on five little skeletons, that feebly raised as many heads, and meowed in as many whispers; then the poor little creatures fell back, as if they had made their last effort for life, and Harry fainted dead away, like the heroine in a novel; but not till he had told them all, with tears and sobs, how sorry he was, and had given to each a few drops of nourishment; and they opened their bright eyes, and looked as if they understood every word, and were as happy as half-starved kittens can well be. And there grandpa found them half an hour later, the kittens napping, and Harry unconscious.

"You won't have them drowned, will you, Grandpa?" were the first words he said when they revived him. "You won't have them drowned, because they starved instead?" And grandpa agreed that they should escape, if he would take care to find a home for each among the neighbors. Harry has promised to spare no time or labor, in order to provide for them "a local habitation and a name;" and being at present in search of the same, he has taken this mode of advertising in the "*Riverside*," —

"Does any one want a kitten? Best of references given and required."

RIGHT IS MIGHT;

OR, THE TRIAL OF THE DOG LION.

CHAPTER I.

THE FISHING PARTY.

"WILL you go fishing this afternoon?" said George Raymond to Ned Hapgood, one Tuesday morning, just after the close of school. "We

might catch a few shiners, if nothing more and it is such gay sport."

"Yes, I guess I can go," said Ned. "Why don't you ask Jack Spalding and Fred Wentworth, too? the more the merrier, you know."

"I've no objection," said George; "there's

Fred just coming down the steps. Hallo, Fred! Fred Wentworth! I do believe he's deaf; I'll go and catch him, if you'll find Jack."

Jack was soon found, and the four boys now held a consultation about the fishing party. Fred thought it would be better to go on Saturday, as school did not keep; but George insisted on going now. He said it was only a quarter of a mile to the river; there was plenty of time after school in the afternoon, and Saturday might not be as good a day for fishing.

"What mischief are you concocting now, boys?" said Will Smith, coming along just then.

"We are talking about going a-fishing," said George; "will you go too?"

"When are you going?"

"This afternoon, as soon as school is out."

"I'd like to go first-rate," said Will.

So it was agreed, that if they could get permission, they would all go that afternoon as soon as school closed, and the boys scattered to their several homes.

The first salutation when they met in the afternoon was, "Are you going?"—"Yes."—"Are you?" Yes, they were all going. Then the bell rang, they entered the school-house, the door closed, and we lose sight of them for a while. The time seemed very long to them, before the door opened again, and I am afraid some of the lessons were a little neglected; but the end came at last, as it always will.

School was dismissed, the boys rushed down the steps, some shouting, some tossing up their caps, and all trying in some way to express their joy that they were free once more.

Ned, George, Jack, and Will, were standing in a little group by the door.

"Where's Fred?" said George, turning to Will.

"I don't know. O, there he comes, with his dog at his heels as usual. Fred would lose himself without that dog, I do believe. Did you ever hear him go on about him?"

Just as Will said this, Fred came up to where they stood.

He was a fine looking boy; if I should try to describe him, I fear I should hardly do justice to my subject; so I will only say, his hair and eyes were as near black as you often see, and that he was as straight as an arrow, and as nimble as a deer. It was a good looking group; for they all seemed to be healthy, active, good-natured boys, and that goes a good way toward making one's face handsome. Don't you think so? They are very nearly of the same age, varying only

from twelve to thirteen. Fred has just entered upon his fourteenth year.

"Well, boys," said he, when he joined them, "are you waiting for me?"

"Yes," said George, "we've been waiting these ten minutes. Where have you been?"

"I got talking with Harry Reynolds, and forgot myself."

"Why didn't you ask Harry to come along with us?"

"I didn't think of it, and, besides, it is not my party."

"Come, boys," said Jack, "if you expect to catch any fish this afternoon, I should think you had better start."

"Come, Lion," said Fred, addressing his dog.

"What do you call that hound Lion for?" said Will, turning suddenly upon Fred, as they walked along.

"Because I please."

"Ah! that is an *excellent* reason, and the dog is an excellent representation of a Lion. Look, boys, see what a fine mane he has, what a massive head and beard; those slender legs too, how exactly like a lion's. Don't let him step on your foot, Jack Spalding, he might crush it."

"You know as little of the name as of the dog," said Fred, turning his flushed face toward Will.

"Do tell me about both; I should be most happy to make the acquaintance of your dog and his name."

"Come, Will, shut up," said George, stepping forward and walking beside Fred. "Tell us about his name, Fred; what do you call him Lion for?"

By this time the boys had reached the river; they threw themselves upon the grass on its bank, all intent upon hearing why Fred called his dog Lion.

"Where did you get the dog?" persisted George. "It seems to me you've always had him, ever since I knew you."

"Father brought him to me when he returned from Europe, four years ago; he was a little pup then, and I called him Prince; but when I found out what a noble heart he had, I thought I would give him a more noble name; and, being a foreign prince, I named him for the brave English king, Richard Cœur de Lion."

"I think if King Richard could know what a noble representative he has still walking the earth, he would feel much flattered by the compliment you have paid him. How does he show his lion's heart?—by fighting all the dogs of about half his size, I suppose. He is faithful to you, because

you feed him ; and never steals his dinner, because he is never tempted."

"He shows his lion's heart," said Fred, rising, and facing Will with flashing eyes, "by fighting all the large dogs that attack him to the utmost of his strength ; and I never saw him conquered ; but when a little snarling cur comes snapping about his heels, he lets him be, because he knows he is not a match for him ; and in this, I think, he shows his lion's heart more than the other. As to his stealing, I would not be afraid to shut him up in a meat-market without his supper, and leave him there all night."

"Come, Fred," said Will, "don't get angry ; I've no doubt he's a fine dog, and would fight bravely ; it's the nature of dogs to fight : as to the meat-market temptation, I can't say I'm quite of your opinion, but I should not blame the dog, or think the less of him either, if he did steal rather than starve."

"Yes, but he would *not* steal," said Fred, getting more excited.

"Come, boys, let's try him," said George. "We'll give up catching fish and see if we can catch a thief. We have some fresh meat up to our house I know, steak too, — just the right kind. Mother told me to order it on my way to school. And, Fred, I suppose if the dog steals the meat you will order more at your own expense. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said Fred, and all the boys jumped up and turned their steps homeward. They soon reached the house where George lived. He led the way to the kitchen, and going to the refrigerator found the meat there as he had expected — four nice slices of surloin steak.

"Cook is out," said George, "and mother is busy with company in the parlor ; so no one will disturb him. Dick, will you please close that window?"

"No, no," said Will ; "he is such a *faithful* dog, he will stay here if left alone all day, if his master tells him to. Don't close the window on any account. How could he get away if any one should come in just as he was taking a bite?"

"How long are you going to leave him, George?" said Ned.

"I don't know ; how long do you say, Fred?"

"I don't care."

"Say half an hour," said Will.

"Now, boys, said George, "come and look at the meat. You see there are four slices. I am going to put this one top because it is 'most all bone, and if the dog don't take but one, Fred won't have a very big bill to pay ; the other ones

weigh about one pound and a quarter apiece, don't they, boys?" They all said, Yes, they guessed so, except Fred ; he was silent. So George turned to him and said, "Is it all right?"

"Do you think I care how much meat there is," said he. "I'll pay for the whole if the dog touches one mouthful."

"Agreed!" said Will. Boys, you hear what he says ; if King Richard *touches* the meat, he pays the price of the whole. What did you pay for it George?"

"One dollar and fifty-seven cents."

"Now, Fred," said Will, "you must order the noble King to recline upon the floor during our absence, and if you have any way to make him understand that it is particularly necessary for him to obey you, I advise you to resort to it now ; for, if I'm not mistaken, your purse, and that dog's character, are about to suffer somewhat."

All the boys laughed, Fred with the rest, although perhaps not quite as heartily as the others.

"I'm not at all afraid," said he. Then, throwing the dog his cap and pointing to the floor, he said, "Lion, lie down, and stay there till I come." The dog caught the cap in his mouth and lay down upon the floor.

"Where are we to go George?" said Jack.

"Why, I never thought of that ; come up into my room ; I've lots of things to show you." So they all went up-stairs, leaving the dog alone with the meat.

George was much interested in the study of Natural History, and had quite a collection of birds and insects which he had stuffed and preserved : the boys were so much occupied in looking at these, and his books, they quite forgot themselves. Will was the first to think.

"Look here, boys," said he, "what do you suppose King Richard's up to?"

The books were dropped in an instant, and left scattered about the room, — some on the bed, some on chairs and some on the floor, — and the boys rushed in hot haste down the stairs. What a sight met their eyes when they entered the kitchen. There lay Fred's cap deserted ; there were blood drops all about the floor, one slice of the steak was gone, and the dog nowhere to be seen.

"Hurra!" said Will ; "hurra for the noble dog, so faithful to the command of his master, so true and honest. Give him three cheers, boys ; one for his faithfulness, one for his honesty, and another for his courage."

"He never took the meat," said Fred, with flashing eyes; "I'll not believe it."

Will laughed. "Do hear him, boys," said he. "Now, Fred, you might as well give up that your dog is much like all others. He'll stay where you put him, if you don't stay too long; and won't steal his dinner, when he has just eaten his fill. Where do you suppose he went with his plunder?"

"He's not far off, I can tell you," said Fred, rushing to the door and opening it. There lay the dog upon the steps. When he saw Fred he sprang to his feet wagging his tail, as if to say, "Are you ready to go now? I have waited a long time." Fred stroked his head, and turning to the boys said, "He never took that meat; thieves run and hide."

"Perhaps he has hid the meat instead," said Will; "come to his kennel, boys; let's see if we can trace the thief to his own door."

Just then Mary the cook opened the stair door and stepped into the kitchen.

"Have you been here within the last hour?" asked George.

"I passed through to go up-stairs. Who's been making such works with my clean kitchen?"

"We are about to investigate that matter," said George, looking toward Fred, with a roguish twinkle in his eye. "Come, boys," and they all rushed down the steps.

They soon reached the kennel, for Fred lived near by. Ned Hapgood was there first, and when the other boys came up, he was holding a bone in his right hand which looked very much like the others in the meat on the table in Mr. Raymond's kitchen. "That is no proof;" persisted Fred; "there's not a dog passes but we give him bones, and he always brings them here." George held the bone now, and turning to Fred he said, "You might as well give up; only see the fresh blood on it. Of course I don't care to have you pay for the meat; that was only a joke."

"I don't care for the money, I tell you: but I don't believe Lion stole the meat, and I'd like to see justice done him. If he could speak he'd tell us how it was, and where he got that bone: he'd say he did not steal it, and he would not lie about it either."

"Of course," said Will, with a very sober face, "we should do justice by our royal prisoner. Let's make up a court, boys, and try the dog for stealing; it will be rare sport. You, George, can bring in a complaint that he stole your meat. I will be your attorney, for I think you have the best side of the question. And then, Fred Went-

worth, if we prove him guilty, you shall give up, and foot the bill, and let us thrash your dog. Do you agree to that, sir?"

Fred hesitated a moment, and then said. "Yes, if you prove him guilty I'll hold my tongue, and pay the bill, and you shall thrash the dog."

All the boys were much excited by the prospect of the fun they were going to have at the trial. They agreed that the court should sit on Saturday afternoon in Mr. Raymond's front yard.

It was now Tuesday night; so they would have nearly four days to collect evidence, and make preparations for the trial. Then the fishing party broke up. Just as Will turned on his heel to go, he looked toward Fred and said, "We went a-fishing and caught one thief."

Fred went into the house more disturbed in his mind than he liked to own, even to himself. Just as he took his seat at the tea-table, he thought of the bone.

He knew the boys left it when they went, and saying to himself, "They shall not bring that up as evidence against him," he ran to the kennel to get it, but it was not there.

CHAPTER II.

THE PREPARATIONS.

The first thought in Fred's mind when he opened his eyes on Wednesday morning was, "I wonder whether Lion took that meat or one of those boys; but I'll not ask them if I never know."

He was up and dressed in a few minutes, and soon after breakfast was off to school.

Before he reached the school-house all the boys had been notified that Fred Wentworth's dog was to be tried for stealing, at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. They all took sides, of course — some for, and some against the dog.

Harry Reynolds was almost as fierce as Fred, in his defense. He said "he had known the dog ever since Fred owned him, and he would trust him anywhere." There was great excitement in the school during the three remaining days of that week, I can assure you; and some of the boys found it pretty hard work to put their minds on their lessons long enough to learn them.

Now in every court where criminals are to be tried, there must be a judge and twelve jurors to listen to what both sides have to say, and decide whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty, and

whether he is to be punished according to the law. The decision of the jury as to the guilt of the prisoner, is called the verdict. After hearing the testimony upon both sides, the jurors leave the court-room, and consult together. When they return, they bring in the verdict. The judge, too, listens to the testimony upon both sides, and if the prisoner is found guilty decides what the punishment shall be. Then there must be a clerk of the court. The business of this person is to read the charge to the prisoner, and administer the oath to the witnesses. The person who complains of the prisoner's having stolen, or whatever the crime may be, and brings him to trial, is called the plaintiff, and the prisoner the defendant. In this case George was the plaintiff, and the dog the defendant. Both plaintiff and defendant are entitled to bring in all the witnesses they can find to help their cause. A witness in court is a person who has seen something that will help prove the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. For instance, George, Dick, Ned, and Will, could say that they saw the meat in the kitchen just before going up-stairs; that there was no one in the room but the dog, and that when they returned both meat and dog were gone. This would be a witness for the plaintiff. Besides all these, both the plaintiff and defendant must have an attorney. These persons listen to what the witnesses have to say, question and cross-question both them and the prisoner, and plead their cause. The attorney for the plaintiff tries to prove that the prisoner is guilty, and the attorney for the defendant that he is innocent. You may not understand this very well; I am not very deep in the matter myself; but the boys thought that they knew all about it, although I suspect some of their proceedings were very irregular. We shall see what they did.

"We'll do the thing up in tip-top style," said they; "but who shall we get for the judge? We want some one who will look very dignified, and make an impression on the crowd, and we are none of us large enough."

"Suppose we ask Tom Hatherway," suggested Ned; "he'd make a first-rate one, I think,—he's so large, and has such heavy eyebrows and deep-set eyes."

"Yes, yes," chimed in Harry Reynolds; "ask Tom; he'll make a bully judge." In this they all agreed.

The next question to be decided was, who should be clerk of the court. "You ought to take some part, Harry Reynolds," said Ned. "What do you say, boys, shall Harry be the clerk?"

"Yes, yes," was the unanimous response.

Then they chose twelve jurors on the spot from among the other boys; and after school they called upon Tom, and he "accepted the situation," so this matter was all settled. George chose Will Smithe for his attorney, and Fred said he should appear as attorney for the dog. Then when this was all arranged they went to work to find witnesses.

Of course I can't tell you what success they had in this; it was a dead secret among the boys until Saturday afternoon; but the boys on Fred's side would shake their heads in a knowing way at the boys on George's side, and they would look quite as knowing in return. It was very evident that both sides thought they were coming off victorious.

"Fred had better oil his feathers pretty thoroughly unless he wants them soaked so he can't fly," said one of the boys on George's side to one of the boys on Fred's side; "I've heard a part of Will Smithe's speech, and it is a stunner, I can tell you."

"It's well for you you've not heard a part of Fred's speech; if you are so easily stunned, you might never recover the sense of hearing," was the quick reply. The strife grew hotter and hotter every day, and it was quite a relief to all when Saturday morning dawned and they were not obliged to try to study. The five boys who made up the fishing party had all they could do on Saturday morning to get the court-room ready. There were two elm-trees in the yard where the court was to be held, about twelve feet apart. Between these they fixed the judge's stand. They brought the extension-table from Mr. Raymond's dining room, and covered the top with the green drugget which was generally spread beneath it. This was the stand. Now they must have some steps, so that his "honor" could mount the table in good style. They wanted to have these at either end of the table, and for the building of them they must have some half-dozen good sized boxes. The question now seemed to be where were they to be found. Jack Spalding knew where he could get one that would do for an upper step, but it was not large enough for the lower ones, and besides, what good was one, when they must have four at least. Should they give up the steps or try to build them of boards? While they were in this dilemma Harry Reynolds arrived, and at once relieved their minds by assuring them he could get plenty of boxes that would be just the thing. "But you had better cover them to match the table, if you can get

anything to cover them with," said he, "for they are not all quite as white as snow."

"We have some green drugget in our attic that will do for that," said Jack, "and I know mother will let us have it, so if you boys will go for the boxes, I will go for the covering. They were all delighted to get out of their trouble so easily, and were soon off in search of the materials for their steps. When they returned with these, there were the nails, tacks, hammers, etc., to be brought, before they could go on with their work. Having procured all they needed, they first covered the boxes, and then nailed them together, making a set of steps for each end of the table; and as the covering upon the top came nearly down to the grass in front, the judge's stand really made quite a fine appearance. The stand being ready, they must now arrange a seat upon it.

George brought a large arm-chair from the dining-room and placed it there, and a small table also. Now the prisoner's box was to be built.

It was at once decided that the proper place for this was about twelve feet from the table and directly in front of it.

So they drove seven pine stakes in the ground about six inches apart, and three feet from these, seven more in the same way. The stakes were about a foot above the ground and the top of each was sawed off smooth and even.

Then they gathered pine boards and nailed an end of each to the stakes on the right, and the other ends to the stakes on the left. They covered the boards with white cotton, and drawing a band of the same around the sides, tacked it to the edge of the boards all around. The whole thing when done, had the appearance of a white box three feet square and one foot high. It was done very neatly, and the boys looked upon their work with great satisfaction. Fred objected to the tack-heads showing all around, and suggested that they should pin sprigs of myrtle on the edge to cover them. They all agreed it would be a great improvement; the green myrtle would look so prettily on the white cotton. While the boys were doing this, Fred and Dick went to see what could be done about getting some long boards to make seats for the jury and audience. They expected quite a crowd. All the school-boys were coming, and many of the neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth had all promised to be present. When Fred and Dick returned, the boys were driving a broomstick into the ground just back of the prisoner's box.

"What are you up to now, boys?" said Fred.

"Driving a stake to tie the dog to," said George.

"The dog is not to be tied; he'll stay on the box without if I tell him to."

"In the same way he stayed in yonder kitchen, I suppose," suggested Will, nodding toward the house. Fred bit his lip.

"Come, Fred," said George, in a coaxing tone, "let him be tied, it would spoil all the fun, you know, if he should jump up and run away."

"No, Sir," said Fred, with emphasis, pulling the broomstick from the ground with one hand and hurling it across the yard; "he never yet had other halter than my word around his neck, and he never shall. I'll give him a chance to clear himself of this charge at least, if he can do no more."

The boys were obliged to yield, and changed the subject by asking Dick what success they had in finding boards. They could find but one, and the boys concluded it would be so much work to build seats in this way they had much better bring chairs from the house. If they could not raise enough, some of the boys could sit on the grass. They would use the board which they had found, to make a seat for the jury.

This was done in the same way that they made the prisoner's box, that is, by driving rows of stakes in the ground at a little distance from each other and nailing the board to them. They fixed this seat at the left of the table, and a large box on the right served as a witness stand. Then they placed two chairs with tables before them, about half way between the judge's stand and the prisoner's box, one a little to the right, and the other to the left. These seats were for the two attorneys.

All of a sudden Will exclaimed, "Hallo, boys, where are you going to put the clerk of the court?"

"We can arrange that easily," said George; "there is room enough for his chair and table at the left, just at the foot of the steps."

"Look here," said Will, "when are you going to shut up shop and go to dinner? I heard the clock strike two some time ago."

"If that is the case," said Fred, "I for one must go now."

So they gathered up their tools, and all the bits of wood that lay scattered about the yard, and separated once more, all agreeing to be on hand, however, before the time appointed for the sitting of the court.

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

COMMODORE HULL AND THE "CONSTITUTION."

WHAT American lad has not heard of the good old frigate *Constitution*, the most celebrated vessel that ever sailed under the Stars and Stripes, often called "Old Ironsides." She was one of the so-called lucky ships of the American navy in the War of 1812 with Great Britain. It is with ships as with individuals; without apparent cause why they should be more successful than others possessed of equal advantages, some vessels always make famous voyages, escape every peril, win victories over every competitor, and finally come to a green old age in the quiet port, dismantled, and turned into peaceful hospital ships, on whose keel the barnacles grow, while the sea-gulls perch unmolested on the figure-head, and new vessels are launched in the neighboring dock-yard and go forth to sweep the seas that the veteran warrior will never roam again. Such was the *Constitution*, a true symbol, let us hope, of the written Constitution of our Union; destined to outlive the shocks and conflicts of party, winning many more victories for humanity, and lasting through the ages, gently touched by the hand of time and the changing opinions of men.

The most celebrated cruise of the *Constitution* was under Commodore Hull, in July, 1812, very soon after the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain. She sailed from Annapolis July 12th, with a new crew; on the 17th she was out of sight of land, although not far out to sea, and in soundings of twenty-two fathoms. About midday four sail were discovered from the mast-head, to the northward; at four o'clock another sail was sighted, which proved to be the English frigate *Guerriere*. After dark the *Constitution* made signals with her lights, and stood toward the enemy; but the wind was light, preventing her from closing, and at dawn three vessels hove in sight on her quarter and three astern, another appearing soon after. They turned out to be an English squadron, numbering a ship of the line, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner. The wind being in their favor, they soon came up almost within gunshot of the *Constitution*, which thus had eight ships gradually throwing their net around her, and it was difficult to see how there remained any possibility of her escaping from them.

Fortunately for her, as it proved in the end, the wind fell, and a dead calm, such as often prevails in summer, prevented the enemy's superior force from overhauling her by sailing. She now dropped all her boats into the water and sent them forward to tow, so as to keep her out of range of the enemy's bow-chasers, at the same time running four guns out of the stern ports and stern lights, which latter were enlarged for the purpose, by this means peppering the boats towing the pursuing vessels, when they came too near the chase. In the afternoon a light baffling air ruffled the smooth surface of the ocean with cat's-paws, and every stitch of canvas that could draw — sky-sails, studding-sails, and all her other "kites" — were stretched on the spars of the American frigate, and about the same time the *Shannon* opened fire upon her, but she was too distant to produce any effect. Toward sundown, the wind having again failed, the enemy availed themselves of their superior numbers by putting the boats of the aftermost ships on those nearest the chase, thus combining twice the towing force, besides relieving the rowers when exhausted, and in this way gradually creeping up to the *Constitution*. She must soon have thus fallen into their power, if Commodore Hull had not employed a happy device to extricate his ship out of this very perilous position. Finding that the water was but twenty-six fathoms deep, he ordered all the spare rope on board stout enough for the purpose, to be spliced and a kedge anchor to be bent on; the anchor was then put into one of the larger boats or cutters and carried out half a mile ahead and dropped; the inner end of the cable being coiled around the capstan, the crew took hold with a will and warped the frigate straight up to the anchor, when it was tripped, hoisted, and again carried out half a mile ahead and dropped; while this was being done, the crew hauling on another anchor which had meanwhile been carried beyond the first one. In this ingenious but very laborious process the *Constitution* walked rapidly away from her pursuers, who, perceiving her growing more indistinct in the dark, were at a loss to account for it, as not a breath of air was stirring. However, they ere long discovered and imitated the way the *Constitution* warped over the still

water, and again approached her with their nearest ships.

At sunrise a light breeze swelled her light duck aloft, and the *Constitution* seemed to have a slight chance now of eluding the pursuit. But once more the fickle wind died away, and the enemy closed rapidly, although it was hoped that the guns of the *Constitution* might be able so to cripple their tow-boats as to prevent more than one of their frigates from getting her under fire at once. During all this trying time both Commodore Hull and his indomitable crew kept up the best of spirits, although well-nigh exhausted by the terrible labors they were sustaining. As far as possible, the men and officers relieved each other, some snatching brief naps lying on deck by the guns while the others rowed and warped.

At nine in the morning the crisis seemed to have arrived. The *Shannon* was close aboard, while the *Guerriere* was approaching the larboard quarter. But while every eye throughout the fleet, alike of pursuer and pursued, was intently watching for what seemed the inevitable conflict which could only have one result, the capture of the American frigate, a breeze suddenly sprung up. It was precisely nine minutes past nine in the morning when it reached the *Constitution*. It came from the southward, which gave her the weather-gage; her officers had seen it approaching — a dark-blue line in the offing, gradually broadening and deepening the color of the shining ocean; everything on board was in readiness to take advantage of it, the men being stationed at the braces, so that instantly the breeze touched the canvas and the vessel began to make way, she was brought up on the larboard tack, which carried her past the *Guerriere*, which opened an ineffectual fire on the magnificent ship gliding by, a vast cloud of white canvas from truck to deck. The *Constitution* picked up her boats as she sailed by them in turn, hoisting them on the davits or on temporary spars thrust through the lower ports, without checking her speed or noticing the broadsides of the enemy.

But a dead calm came on again in about an hour, and Captain Hull had some of the water started — that is, emptied overboard — to lighten the ship, and the boats were sent out ahead to tow her again. So through the broiling summer day the *Shannon*, towed by nearly every boat of the enemy's fleet, and the *Constitution*, with her single crew and set of boats, kedging and towing, kept up the arduous race, alternated sometimes by a slight breeze which allowed a brief respite, especially to the people of the *Constitution*, who

were almost giving out on account of their prodigious exertions. But the *Shannon*, and, after a while, the *Belvidera* and the other hostile frigates came within gunshot, and cannonading was brisk the remainder of the day. The chances of escape were rapidly decreasing again, but Captain Hull kept his men at work until near midnight, just avoiding the enemy's grasp again by a breeze which was once more in his favor. Thus by alternate flaws and calms the second wearisome night passed, although sunrise showed that the *Constitution* had on the whole rather weathered on her pursuers, and slightly increased their distance.

There was air enough stirring on the morning of the third day to enable the ships to maneuver with their sails alone; eleven sail were now in sight, all on the same tack, and all spreading every stitch of canvas. It now became a question of speed as well as of seamanship, and it was found that the *Constitution* in this sort of trial gained on the enemy's fleet. Her crew now had an opportunity to rest a while, although kept sufficiently on the alert to trim the sails just at the moment and in the manner which the most consummate naval skill could suggest. After several short calms, the breeze settled into a steady wind, and the superb frigate, bowing before it, distanced her pursuers.

Toward sundown the blackening sky to windward showed the approach of a heavy squall of wind and rain, and the crew of the *Constitution* were summoned to stand by to let go and haul; being thus prepared, sail was kept on until the squall struck the ship, when the light sails were let go, and a reef taken in the top-sails. The English ships at once took in sail, but no sooner had the rain shut them in so that they could not descry the *Constitution*, her top-gallant sails were hoisted again, and careening over before the blast, and snorting the foam from her bow, the frigate danced away over the billows and left the enemy's fleet far astern and to leeward, as became evident when the mist lifted and showed their frigates hull down below the horizon, and the ship of the line a speck visible only to the keenest eye. But they still persevered in the chase, as the wind continued variable in the night and was liable to change in their favor, while the *Constitution* cracked on a press of sail to make good her escape. But at eight of the following morning, finding further effort useless, the English commodore signaled his fleet to give up the pursuit, and they all hauled off and sailed to the northward, leaving the noble old *Constitution* to pursue her way on the ocean unmolested and triumphant.

This chase of the *Constitution* is the most remarkable in the history of the American navy; and in fact, if we consider the extraordinary circumstances attending it, and the variety of expedients, the fortitude, and the seamanship displayed by her commander and crew, for three days and three nights, and the success which crowned their efforts, it seems difficult to match it by any similar event in the naval history of any people. The frigate now went into Boston, but soon after put to sea again, in search of the enemy's cruisers. The fleet which had given her such a chase had in the mean time been dispersed in different directions, in hope of being able singly to meet and capture the wily ship which had eluded their grasp in such a masterly style. After running up the coast to the Bay of Fundy and making a prize, the *Constitution* stood southward, and early in the afternoon of August 19th the cry of "Sail ho!" was heard from the mast head. The stranger proved to be a ship of war, on a wind, and a nearer approach discovered her to be an enemy's frigate. The *Constitution* immediately bore away for the enemy, who laid his main-top sail aback, and, awaiting her, challenged an attack. Captain Hull made his preparations for battle with judgment and deliberation. The top-gallant sails were furled, two reefs taken in the top-sails, and the ship was cleared for action. On coming within gunshot, fire was poured on her by the English frigate, the *Constitution* yawing to avoid being raked by the broadsides, but retaining her own fire.

At six the enemy filled his top-sails, and with the wind quartering bore away, thereby showing a willingness for a fair combat yard-arm to yard-arm. On this the *Constitution* made sail and gradually gained on the enemy, until her bow began to double on the stern of the former, pouring in a destructive fire as her guns one after another got within range, the foe also keeping up a lively cannonade. In a few minutes the Englishman's mizzen-mast fell by the board, when the American immediately forged ahead, and buffed across the enemy's bow, raking her decks with a terrific fire. In this maneuver the *Constitution* lost headway by running into the wind, and the two ships came foul of each other, when they made an attempt to board, but the destructive musketry from each, and the high sea, prevented success in either case, — three of the officers of the *Constitution* falling in the act of mounting her taffrail. The *Constitution* now filled her sails and shot ahead, when the main and fore masts of her antagonist fell, and she rolled helpless on the boisterous sea.

The *Constitution*, after repairing her rigging, part of which had been shot away, now took a new position and was about to open fire again, when the enemy struck her colors, which, after the fall of the mizzen-mast, had been attached to its stump. On boarding the prize, it was found that she was the *Guerriere*, Captain Dacres, one of the frigates which had been so recently engaged in the chase of the *Constitution*.

The casualties on the *Constitution* were seven men killed and seven wounded, — a small number considering the circumstances of the fight; she suffered in her rigging and sails, but the hull was very little injured. The *Guerriere*, on the other hand, lost all her spars, as we have seen, and had seventy-nine men killed and wounded, besides receiving thirty shot between wind and water, which caused her to leak to such a degree that it became impossible to save her. It was found necessary early on the following morning to remove every soul from her into the *Constitution*, and soon after she went down.

It is but just to say that although of very nearly the same dimensions as the *Constitution*, the *Guerriere* had at the time of action a crew numerically inferior, having previously detached a number of her men to man a prize, and she rated as a thirty-eight while the *Constitution* was rated as a forty-four gun frigate, each mounting a few small guns in addition to the number for which they were rated. The principal advantage of the American ship at the outset seems to have been that her batteries were of larger bore, and therefore discharged heavier metal, than the guns of the *Guerriere*. But after considering all that can be said in favor of the American, the English had always been accustomed to win even over greater obstacles on the sea; the two antagonists were not more unequally matched than very often occurs in battles where victory has resulted for the weaker side, and the losses sustained by the *Guerriere* were entirely disproportioned to her inferior ability. She was handled with true British courage and seamanship, and was captured simply because a skill new on the ocean and superior to hers was displayed in the management of the *Constitution*. That the English naval authorities judged from the past experience of their navy that the *Guerriere* was fully capable of winning the fight, was shown by the fact that Captain Dacres was court-martialed for losing his ship, although a brave man and a good seaman, whose reputation had not suffered among men of his profession on account of his misfortune.

Having his ship now overcrowded with two crews, Captain Hull returned to Boston to land his prisoners; and so ended the cruise of the glorious "Old Ironsides" under her now famous commander; for, with a freedom from jealousy and a disinterestedness as rare as it was meritorious, and reflecting as much credit on his name as the fame of his exploits, Captain Hull resigned his command, in order that, in the scarcity of ships and the superfluity of naval officers thirsting for glory, an opportunity might be thus afforded to others for distinguishing themselves on the sea.

The capture of the *Guerriere* made a great

sensation at the time in both Great Britain and America; the English were astounded, the Americans were as greatly elated, for they had as little expected such a result as did the enemy. No event in our naval history is more vividly remembered by a patriotic people; and yet we question whether the escape of the *Constitution* in the famous chase is not more remarkable and memorable than even her capture of the *Guerriere*, although perhaps less dazzling, and appealing less to the enthusiasm with which the popular heart always hails the heroic deeds of its naval heroes.

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER VII.

DAYS and weeks passed on at the Lees' much as the first day had done; there was so much to interest Effie in the natural course of family events, that she was not tempted to stray away upon excursions of her own. She was punctual at dinner because she was sure to see Miss Alice, and she had not seen her all school-time, since breakfast. She was always at home before dark, so as to be sure and not miss the frolic with the little boys before tea. She was regular in getting to school, for there was Gertrude, with hat on head, and books in hand, waiting for her. Sometimes she would be caught saying, "I am very sure, Gertrude, that it is full fifteen minutes of nine. I looked at the clock only a minute ago." But a glance from Gertrude reminded her that her reading of the clock was not always to be relied upon.

Then they were beginning to study French at school, and Effie proved to have great facility in learning a language. She was pleased to find herself, in this one study, starting from the same point as the other girls, — Gertrude, Susie, and Rosa, — and not lagging behind them, trying to catch up, as in other things. Both she and Gertrude were very proud of the few French phrases they were picking up, and aired them on every occasion. As they walked through the streets, they talked only in that language. "*Ou allez-vous, ma chère?*" and "*J'ai le livre,*" and "*Mon père a un cheval,*" were favorite expressions from the first exercises in Otto, and they were surprised to find how many things could be said.

"Very likely," said Effie, "we shall be taken for French girls!"

Effie found it harder to compose herself for the hour's sewing that Mrs. Lee frequently insisted upon, and for many weeks she declined staying at Sunday-school with Gertrude. At last Gertrude, one day, asked Effie why she was so unwilling to stay with the rest of the girls.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Effie, "I don't like Miss Burney!"

"Not like Miss Burney, our Sunday-school teacher!" Gertrude cried, and appealed to Alice.

"Not like Burney," said Alice. "Why, she is my best friend!"

"Is her name Clara?" asked Effie; "that is such a pretty name. It makes a difference."

"But, what objection can you have to her?" pursued Alice.

"I can't tell exactly," said Effie; "somehow she looks gloomy and sad, — I believe that is it."

"She looks sad," said Alice, seriously, "but you surely know why."

Then Effie remembered, with a sudden pang, that the very same telegram that brought the news of her own father's death, told, too, that one of Miss Burney's two brothers had been killed, and one fatally wounded.

"How could I forget!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears.

"The death of her two brothers," said Alice, "has left Clara all alone. She has no father, mother, or sister. She went on to the hospital to see her brother die!" —

"O, Miss Alice, I was very thoughtless," ex-

claimed Effie, "but I cannot say why it was I couldn't attend to Miss Burney."

"Suppose you try next Sunday," said Alice; "I think if you will listen to her, you will not find it hard to be interested. If I mistake not, I used to see your head above the top of the pew, and your eyes wandering about during Sunday-school, a little more than was necessary."

"O, Miss Alice," said Effie, quite ashamed, "I know I didn't pay attention. I used to be counting how many there were, and how many had red feathers, and such" —

"A childish amusement," said Alice; "but you shall see next Sunday if you have grown a little older."

So the next Sunday Effie composed herself in the corner of the pew. Miss Burney began by talking of something that was in the sermon.

"There," said Effie to herself, "that is always the way! I didn't listen to the sermon, so I suppose I sha'n't know what she means now. One has to begin so far back about things. I meant to listen all through Sunday-school; but because I didn't happen to listen to all the sermon, its going to be no good" —

Effie's thoughts were fast running away with her, but she suddenly found herself listening.

Miss Burney was speaking of the courage of the early Christians, of how much they suffered after the death of Christ, — this was what the minister had spoken of in his sermon, — and how bravely they bore it all; how they were imprisoned, stoned, and put to death.

"And do you not suppose that they often thought of the last words of Jesus to them?" she went on, "of all that He said to encourage them, and make them strong? There are certain words of his they must often have recalled. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' Jesus said this just before He gave his own life; and only imagine how dear his life must have been to Him, for we know how He knelt in the garden, and prayed to God to take this bitter cup — this cup of parting, and of suffering — from Him. We know how He loved his friends; how dear Bethany must have been to Him, with its bright red flowers scattered among the rocks around, with its almond groves, and its beautiful view of Jerusalem not far away, where Jesus had stopped to weep for

the coming fate of his dear city. O, children, what great love He must have had for his friends, that He could give up all this for their sake, — for us! And do you think that we have ever known any one in these days who could do the same?"

Here her eyes rested for a moment on Effie.

"O yes, we can proudly say we, too, have had friends who have shown for us this same great love. They, too, begged God to spare them and us the drinking of this bitter cup; but they did not shrink from it, — they gave their lives. Perhaps these very words of Jesus came to bring



courage to their hearts in the last terrible moment, when bullets were whistling and cannon sounding, and the sudden summons came to part with the life that they and we loved so well, — but they could part with it. They could give it up, just as He, too, was willing, for the sake of his great love for his friends."

Effie drew near Miss Burney and took her hand, while she stopped a moment. "But then, children," she went on, "how can it be with us? How can we give our lives?"

"The battle is over!" said Susie Parsons.

"Yes," said Miss Burney, "that battle is won; and we may thank God that the dear lives were not given in vain, and that the freedom they fought for has been gained. But now we must think what we can do, that we can be like them in our love for our friends. What is there in our lives we can give for our friends? Are there not some selfish tastes we can give up for their sake, some idle thoughtlessness, some love of our own way? Is there some care you can spare your teacher, by living more for her and less for yourself? Is there not some thought you can give to father, mother, and sister, and brother? Are there not some unkind words you can hush upon your lips, and give friendly ones instead? O, is there not something in these lives of ours that we can give up to our friends, to show that we have not forgotten these words of Jesus, — that we have not forgotten the friends who gave their lives for love of us?"

Effie told to Alice all of Miss Burney's words that she could remember, afterward. "O, I shall never think of her as anything but lovely again," she said. "For she must have thought of my dear papa, at the same time that she thought of her own brothers. And now I shall always think of him when I see her."

It was not long after that Effie's birthday came, — the day she was eleven years old. She saw, as she awoke, — above Annie's photograph at the foot of her bed, — an illuminated text, with the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." These were the words, — in red, and green, and blue, and gold.

"Miss Alice must have painted them," she thought to herself. "She wanted me to remember Miss Burney's words. And when did she ever find time to do it? And how could she do it so beautifully?"

And then Effie recalled, with a pang of shame, how she had never thought of Miss Alice's painting, or her lessons in water-colors, — never once since that night when she went to sleep thinking how she would try to do things for Miss Alice, so that she should have time to paint; and how she would prevent her having any more care, because she was there. That night she had thought to herself what an excellent person she would be to remind Miss Alice of her painting hours, and to bring her water for her paints; but she had never once thought of it since. As she read over the words, "Greater love hath no man than this," she thought to herself how little love she had

shown Miss Alice; she had not "laid down" a single pleasure for her sake. And the old question came up, "Am I selfish?" and she did not venture to say "No" to herself.

Alice came in to wish her "a happy birthday," and Effie told her of her questionings. "And when did you paint the beautiful words?" she asked, and then went on to confess how she had forgotten all about Miss Alice's painting, and the plans she had made to make sure she should have time to paint, but how she had never seen any pencils and paint-brushes about. "And that shows that I am very selfish," Effie went on; "that I never thought of it, and only thought of my own fun."

Alice smiled at Effie's distress. "Indeed, you need not take it so much to heart," she said; "the 'painting lessons' did have to be given up for a time. But I have been arranging to go twice a week to Clara Burney's, and shall go on regularly with my sketching. She has a greenhouse, you know, and we are to have real flowers to paint from. I have taken all my paint-boxes and brushes there, and it was there that I did this text, out of the way, so that you and Gertrude need not know it. But I have another birthday-present in my hand, that is in a hurry to come to you; so we must put off our talking for a while."

It was a letter from mamma and Annie, and written by them to reach her on her birthday. Effie had heard before of their voyage and arrival in Savannah, and of their few days' rest there; but this letter told how they were fairly settled in their home. Effie enjoyed much telling everybody — the Hapgoods, and Miss Tilden — about the letter. "It is written from 'Riverside'; that is not the Magazine, you know, but it is the name of the place where they are staying. I have made a beautiful 'Buried City' out of it. 'Take me to the river, sighed a lovely young lady!' But Gertrude and Miss Alice won't allow it, because it is not spelt right. And Annie has seen some alligators; but she has not yet seen a large orange-orchard, — one as large as the Leonards' apple-orchard; though I think she says this very much to console me, because I am not there. But she needn't take the pains, for I am having such a good time, I am willing she should see orange-orchards and alligators, — and I am going to write her so."

The birthday passed off happily. Effie wrote to her mother and Annie a most enthusiastic account of all its adventures. "Indeed, it was the very best birthday I ever had," she closed with,

"except a great many — but certainly it was the oldest; only I was sorry that you and Annie couldn't be here, only you wouldn't have liked the snow-storm in the evening; but it did not prevent the girls from coming. I chose my dinner, — goose and squash-pie, — and Miss Alice played for us to dance; and we had a make-believe dancing-school, and they taught me some of the steps. And Arthur Lee and Sam Parsons, and some of the boys came, and really behaved very well."

There was a series of festivities and fun nowadays; for Thanksgiving came, and the preparations for Christmas. Croquet had been given up long ago, and the question of the duties of the President had been buried in an early snow.

Skating had taken the place of croquet; and there was a large pool of water at the foot of the slope behind the house that made an admirable place for Effie, Gertrude, and her friends to skate upon. It was perfectly safe, and near the house, so that when they were cold, they could run in and warm themselves. As a treat, sometimes they went with Alice and the older girls to the large pond. This was on the right of the road that led to the Farm, where Effie used to live, just as you leave the town.

Christmas Eve came, and with it the Christmas-tree, — a great surprise and secret to everybody; though Gertrude and Effie had seen Jonas bring the tree itself in his cart from the woods, and though for some weeks before they had been helping to fill a large basket with little white parcels, that were to form a part of the fruit of the tree. Nevertheless, it was a surprise, with red, and green, and even golden apples hanging from its branches; with lighted candles reflected on the silver and gold balls, with dolls, and games, and bonbons, and flying angels, and toys, and books, and little bells that rang. It was a wonder that Miss Alice's voice could be heard above all the tumult of delight, for it was she who read out the names that were written on the Christmas presents, and took them off the boughs. Even baby was wide awake, with eyes glistening in the gay lights, and one hand grasping a strange nut-cracker, and the other a gaudy rattle. The oldest of the little boys sat in the middle of the room, holding his toys contemplatively, but sighing now and then, in excess of delight, "It's evening, and I am sitting up!" and the vague memory of the gayly lighted lamps, and happy buzz of the evening, went into his mind, to form some of the glowing

ideas children have of the things that are going on down-stairs after they go to bed, and the splendid times grown-up people are having!

Effie, and Gertrude too, were elated at the idea of being allowed to sit up late, to admire again and again their Christmas presents; so they were still up, when an unexpected ringing was heard at the door after nine o'clock. The other children had all gone home, so who could it be? And Alice, Effie, and the rest, followed Mr. Lee as he went to open the door, wondering if some of the guests had come back for something.

There stood a large, tall man on the doorstep, all covered with the soft, white, freshly fallen snow. His long beard was white with snow, too, and so were the great baskets he held in his hands, and the huge bundles under his arms.

"It is Santa Claus!" exclaimed Alice.

"O, it is Uncle George!" cried Effie, running to the door, and she was soon in his snow-covered arms.

It was indeed Uncle George.

"I was afraid I was to lose my Christmas with you, after all," he said, as he shook his shaggy coat, and set Effie, and his baskets and bundles, down. "We were knocking about twelve hours yesterday in New York harbor, before we could make the landing, and came very near spending our Christmas in the dreary neighborhood of Sandy Hook."

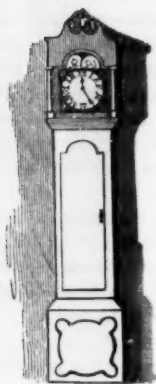
"But you have come just in time to be our real St. Nicholas," said Alice, "and it is a pity to shake off that hoary snow; do come in among the lights, and 'make believe' a little while."

But there was no need of making believe, for all those bundles and baskets were filled with Christmas presents. The strange, deep, tunnel-shaped baskets were full of oranges, — the first of the season, — little Mandarin oranges, which give out a fragrance as you break away the peel, and their small lobes are full of sweetness.

"They must all be eaten up directly," Uncle George declared, and Arthur instantly offered his help for the duty; and Effie and Gertrude thought of a long list of friends to whom they would take them to-morrow, with "A Merry Christmas." And Uncle George took Effie up to bed in his arms, as he told her all mamma's and Annie's messages; and how it was that after Mr. Lester had arrived in Florida, he had decided to return himself, since he was no longer needed, — not even to come home with the party.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.



XXXV.

TICK, tock !
 What says the clock ?
 One, two,
 There's work to do.
 Three, four,
 Increase your store.
 Five, six,
 Play Time no tricks.
 Seven, eight.
 Nor want, nor wait.
 Nine, ten,
 For sinful men,
 Eleven, twelve,
 Must dig and delve.

XXXVI.

Ten fat little fingers, so taper and neat !
 Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet !
 Reaching at everything that comes near,
 Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your hair.
 Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
 Then digging your cheeks with a mischievous clutch ;
 Gently waving good-by with infantine grace,
 Then dragging your bonnet down over your face.
 Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
 Then tearing your book at a furious rate ;
 Holding them out, like a king, to be kissed,
 Then thumping the window with tightly-closed fist.
 Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
 On the white cradle pillow, secure from all harm.
 O, dear baby hands ! how much love you hold
 In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft fold !
 Keep spotless, as now, through the world's evil ways,
 And bless with fond care our last weariful days.

XXXVII.

Here is a rogue, and his eyes are blue !
 He is tired of play, and has nothing to do.
 Would he like some vagabond buttons to string ?
 Ah yes ! I see that's the very thing.
 I'll thread him a needle,
 And make a big knot,

Because he is such a tiny tot.
 One, two, three, four,
 White and black half a score ;
 Some of pearl, some of bone,
 Two are alike, and one alone.
 Some of china, some of steel,
 Down the thread they slip and reel ;
 Some have eyes, and some have not,
 But when they're all strung they'll be a great lot.

XXXVIII.

"Marama, I wish that I could have
 A little pony, fleet and gay,
 Like that that Uncle Robert gave
 To Cousin John the other day.

"O, such a tail ! I'm sure, mamma,
 That you would be delighted too ;
 I'm sure you'd say you never saw
 A pony prance as he can do.

"And I can ride him ! yes I can !
 I rode him up and down the lane ;
 And Uncle Robert said the man
 Might let me mount him soon again !

"He cut some capers, but I sat
 As fast as any monkey could ;
 And then he stood and let me pat
 His neck, and was so very good !

"All that was very nice, mamma,
 But then, a pony of my own !
 Do you think, if I asked papa,
 That he would bring me one from town ?"

"A pony costs too much, I fear,
 For dear papa to bring you home ;
 So you must be content, my dear,
 On two stout legs to go and come.

"Or wait until my ship from sea
 Comes in with many a goodly thing ;
 Who knows but that for you and me
 A pony, too, my ship may bring."

On the gray shore a golden head
 Watched, from the seaward distance clear,
 The ships that through the bay up sped,
 To reach the city lying near.

At last he sought his mother's knee, —

"Ah! dear mamma, when will it come,
Your ship from lands beyond the sea,
You hope will bring my pony home?"

"I've watched and waited every day;
So many ships went sailing past, —
So many ships sailed up the bay, —
I thought that yours must come at last."

With tender love his mother bent,
The wistful, rosy face close drew, —
"My darling boy, I never meant
That you should think my jest was true!"

"My ship? That means a fortune, dear, —
A fortune we may ne'er possess;
But that need never cost a tear, —
Wealth cannot bring us happiness.

"The very butterfly that wings
From flower to flower the livelong day, —
The little bird that joyful sings,
Darting from swinging spray to spray, —

"No happier days can know, dear child,
Than you within this pretty nest
Of home, where love and guidance mild
Surround your days, and guard your rest.

"How many a homeless little one
Knows nothing of kind looks and words,
Nor ever plays beneath the sun,
'Mid trees and flowers and happy birds.

"Then let the ships sail past our shore;
So rich are we in love and health
And comfort, we will ask no more, —
Content is better far than wealth."

HOW RAILROADS ARE MADE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE MANAGEMENT.

FEW persons have any adequate conception of the actual swiftness of the motion with which a locomotive and its train of cars pass along its way, when going at full speed. Thirty miles an hour is not at all an unusual rate. Trains sometimes move at double that speed. But thirty miles an hour is at the rate of a mile in two minutes. Now, a mile contains 5,280 feet, and two minutes contain 120 seconds; and this gives, if I have made no mistake in the computation, a speed of *forty-four feet in each second*, as the rate of motion of the train. That is to say, the train with its ponderous locomotive, and its eight or ten cars, containing hundreds of passengers, is hurled through the air at a rate of speed by which two large rooms of a good-sized house, with a wide entry between them, would be traversed in a *single second*, which is almost as quick as you can carry your *thoughts* over that length of space.

Another way of forming an idea of this speed is to compare it with that of a horse on the road. Six miles an hour would be a fast pace for a horse making a journey. Imagine such a horse trotting by your house, and then reflect that the immense train thunders along its way at *five times* as great a speed. Or you may move your hand

to and fro through the air as fast as you can. The sweep which you can conveniently make with it will be, perhaps, about three feet; and you cannot easily move it faster than once to and fro in each second. That is, you can move your hand through the air at the rate of *six* feet a second, while the train whirls onward over the track at the rate of *forty-four feet a second*, — that is to say, seven or eight times as fast as you can move your hand.

Now, when we look upon any railroad map of the United States, and see what a complicated net-work, covering the whole country, the system of lines forms; and when we consider that countless trains are running at this enormous speed in all directions, and at all times, — and think, too, how many common roads they have to traverse on the way, with teams, and vehicles of all sorts continually crossing the track, and how many towns and villages they have to pass through (often without stopping, or even without slackening their speed), it is amazing that the system can be made to work so smoothly and successfully, and that accidents, and collisions, and interferences, are so rare. The writer of this article has travelled upon railroads upon an average of one or two thousand miles a year, for twenty-five years, — in fact, during the whole time since the first

railroad was built,—and in all countries where the system is extensively introduced,—in England, Scotland, France, Germany, and America,—and never has known a life to be lost, or any person to be injured by any train in which he was a passenger. Nor has he met with any greater accident to the car he occupied, than a somewhat sudden stop, with a little bump, the shock of which was not sufficient to cause any but a few curious ones among the passengers to leave their seats. Terrible accidents do sometimes happen, the magnitude of the evil being in proportion, of course, to the magnitude of the scale which pertains to everything connected with the system. But the proportion of these accidents to the whole number of safe journeys is exceedingly small.

SYSTEM OF BRAKES.

One of the great difficulties connected with the management of moving trains upon a railroad, is to contrive a method of stopping them quick, in sudden emergencies. Such emergencies do sometimes occur; though, when we consider the great number and variety of occasions which may produce them, it is surprising that they are so few. There may be a draw open in a draw-bridge, or a part of the track may be taken up for repairs, and a man stationed with a red flag to stop the train; or a rock may have rolled down from an embankment, or a tree been blown by the wind across the road; or there may be an obstruction made maliciously by some evil-minded person. In these, and in many other cases, it is necessary to be able to stop the train as soon as possible; but in the case of a mass of fifty or one hundred tons moving at the rate of forty or fifty feet a second, the momentum, as it is called (that is, the *quantity of motion*), is enormous; and it is necessary that this motion should be all absorbed in some way, before the mass can be brought to rest.

The way in which this is accomplished is, by the rubbing of wooden blocks against the wheels. These blocks are connected with certain machinery adapted to the purpose; and when the proper moment arrives, they are pressed with great force against the wheels, and so retard their motion. They are managed ordinarily by brakemen, though they may be connected with the engine, so as to be worked by steam power.

MECHANISM OF THE BRAKES.

When they are worked by men, the one in charge stands on the platform of the car, as

everybody knows, and turns a wheel carrying a *vertical* axis, which axis is connected beneath the platform by means of what is called a *bevel gear*, with a *horizontal* axis. This bevel gear consists of two wheels, the circumferences of which are beveled, and which engage with each other by cogs in the beveled edges. By this means the vertical axis causes the horizontal axis to revolve, and thus vertical is converted into horizontal rotation.

The inner end of the horizontal axle forms a screw, which acts on a system of levers by which the blocks of wood are pressed with great force against the tires of the wheels, or withdrawn from them, according to the direction in which the wheel is turned by the brakeman above.

The friction of the brakes upon the rims of the wheels has the double effect of both wearing away the wood, and heating the iron. This affords a curious illustration of certain great truths which have recently been established by scientific men, and which are found to be of fundamental importance. The doctrine in respect to heat now is, that it is one of the *forms of force*, and that just as no particle of matter can by any natural process be ever destroyed, so no portion of force, in whatever form it may exist, can ever be extinguished; it can only cease to exist in one form by being changed into another. That is to say, it can never be *extinguished*, it can only be *transformed*.

Thus the immense force with which the train was moving, is converted by the friction of the brakes upon the tires, into *heat*; which heat is rapidly conveyed away into the air, and into surrounding objects, by the swift rotation of the wheels. None of it is lost. It is only *dissipated*; and it continues to produce its proper effects, wherever it goes. Thus, the heat which was originally stored in the coal, is first converted into *moving force* by the action of the steam upon the piston in the engine, and then a portion of this moving force is reconverted into *heat* by the action of the brakes upon the tires, and from them is distributed along the course which the train pursues over the ground and through the air.

CARRIAGES AND CARS.

The number and variety of the cars and carriages required upon a first-class railroad is very great, and adds very much to the complication of the system of management. In England there is the royal train, consisting of a set of carriages, set apart expressly for the queen and her suite,

when she takes a journey. In France there is an imperial train, which was built at a great cost, and presented to the emperor for his special use. It consists of five carriages, all fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, and arranged each one for its own special purpose. Thus, one is furnished as a bedroom, another as a parlor, another as a dining-room. There is one which is made open, for convenience of viewing the scenery. The imperial emblems of France are placed as decorations upon the roof at either end, and at the centre, to announce to all the world, as the train passes by, that the emperor is the traveller that it is conveying. So superbly built and furnished are these carriages, that they are said to have cost twenty thousand dollars a piece in gold.

Most trains at the present day have a car attached to them, which is devoted to the postal service. In these cars letters are sorted which are received, or are to be delivered, at the various way-stations, as well as those which are to be forwarded in different directions at the end of the route. In this way much time is saved, and the letters reach their destination sooner, not only because the mode of transportation is more rapid, but also because a great deal of the work of arranging and distributing them is done while they are on the way.

In time of war in this country, and in all times in the old countries of Europe, special cars are required for military purposes. Some of these are arranged and furnished in a very complete and substantial manner for the transportation of troops, arms, artillery, and horses.

The railroad organization has become expanded and developed in various ways, to an extent which was never dreamed of when the system was first introduced; and if it goes on at the same rate for another century, the imagination is lost in attempting to conceive the dimensions which it will by that time have assumed. It shows at present no signs of anything like maturity, but is enlarging and extending itself in every direction, and is assuming new magnitude and importance in every aspect of it. As an example of its expansion in the great centres of population and commerce, it is said that within the limits of London there are no fewer than three hundred stations, — though it is true that London has swallowed up, and now contains within its boundaries a large number of towns originally distinct. Even the Hudson River Railroad has already three or four stations on its line before it reaches the limits of the city of New York.

There are, moreover, several new forms of de-

velopment of the system that have recently appeared, and are yet in their infancy, which may in their future progress greatly add to the extent and complication of the system: such as elevated railroads, in which the rails are raised into the air; and subterranean roads, in which they are carried in tunnels under the streets, and dwellings, and warehouses of cities; and pneumatic railroads, in which the train is forced through an enormous tube by the pressure of the air. There is no knowing to what these new devices, now in embryo, may yet lead.

WHAT MAY COME.

We have no royal or imperial trains in this country, for we have no royal or imperial personages to use them. But some of the great railroad managers, it is understood, have their own private cars, ostensibly for their use in the service of the road. If, however, the progress of private luxury and extravagance goes on for another half century at the present rate, it would not be surprising if it should then be the fashion for each millionaire lady in the great cities to have her private car, as she now has her private carriage kept at a public stable. The great companies would then have enormous yards roofed over, where these cars would be stored, so that a family pretending to live in style, — in going to the springs, or to the sea-shore, or in making a summer tour, — would have their own elegant private car to convey them, fitted with drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom compartments, and supplied with furniture, books, plate, and china-closet complete, and perhaps a little smoking-cabin in some corner for the gentlemen; the whole forming, as it were, a kind of yacht on wheels, in which the lady, with her family and friends, can journey all over the country, wherever the gauge was right, and be, as it were, at home all the time. The only difference would be, that instead of paying five dollars for a ticket for herself, she would pay a hundred dollars for one for her car, which would then be taken, with others like it, along the various roads, at the head of the great public trains.

VAST EXTENT OF THE ROLLING STOCK.

But without looking forward to the realization of any such extravagant anticipations as these, the extent and complication of the system of rolling stock, as it is called, on the great lines, have already reached an enormous development; and perhaps there is nothing more surprising in the management of a great railroad, than the perfect-

tion of the system, by which those who are in charge keep an exact account of the movements, and the position at any given time, of the vast number of locomotives, carriages, and cars of every description that belong to the line. The number is in some cases enormous. The road in France which leads from Paris southward to the Mediterranean, has in service about a thousand locomotives, a thousand tenders, and nearly twenty-five thousand carriages and cars, all of which have to be followed up and registered in all their movements, so that there shall be on the records of the offices the means of determining at any time, in respect to every one of them, its place, its condition, and the duty which it is performing.

The state of the case is in one respect more remarkable still in this country, inasmuch as the cars of each line are here very frequently employed in services which take them away from the line where they belong. You will, for example, often see a long freight train in Massachusetts, made up of cars belonging to a dozen different railroads, — Eastern, Western, and Southern. Thus, each company has its cars scattered all over the country, and mixed with those of other companies in what would seem to be inextricable entanglement and confusion. And yet there is no confusion at all. Everything works with the utmost smoothness and regularity. The work of forming and keeping in operation a system which can accomplish these results, requires administrative ability of the highest order; and it is the possession of this ability, in part, which gives to successful railroad men the high position, and the high degree of consideration which they enjoy in the business world. For what is true thus in respect to cars, applies perhaps with still greater force to other departments: such as the management of the accounts, so that all the expenditures shall be under strict control, and that all the receipts shall be properly accounted for, and that all connecting lines shall receive their share of the avails of through tickets; and that all salaries be paid, and all wages, in just proportion to the time that each laborer works. These, and a thousand other things of a like nature, form a mass of complication, in which interests of enormous magnitude and importance run into such an endless minuteness of detail, that it would seem impossible that any method, or any ingenuity, could organize them into a system that would work smoothly and well.

TELEGRAPHIC HELP.

The difficulty would, in fact, have been very much greater than it is, — and, indeed, might

have been well-nigh insurmountable, — were it not for the aid and coöperation derived from the telegraphic system, which now forms an essential part of the machinery of every road. By means of it one common intelligence reigns along the whole line. Everything that is known in one part is known in every other. An accident, a detention, the starting of an extra train, occurring in any one section, is as well known, instantly, in every other section, as in the one where it occurs, — in the same way, and possibly by the same agent as in the human frame, the intelligence of any injury to the foot, or to a finger, is immediately transmitted to the brain. Indeed, the system of telegraphic communication, by means of which every part of a long railroad line is made to participate in the knowledge possessed by every other part, may be almost said to endow the system with a complete nervous organization, and a real consciousness as the result of it; and thus to make of it, as it were, a living being, with its circulation, its strength, its intelligence, and its members, all under the immediate direction and control of the superintendent's office, which constitutes its brain.

SELECTION OF MEN.

Of this vast organization, each individual man employed is, as it were, one of the *vital organs*, — an organ in this sense, namely, that he is to act not independently, but as a subordinate part of one great complicated whole. And one of the most delicate and difficult things in the management of a road, — one which calls for the highest qualifications on the part of those intrusted with it, and on which the working of the system most closely depends, — is the selection and appointment of the men to be employed; the engineers, the conductors, the brakemen, the superintendents of the different sections of the road, the station-masters, the clerks, the accountants, the ticket-sellers, and a host of others, forming, in the case of a great road, almost an army. All these men, however, must be selected with care, and after a deliberate examination of their qualifications and character; and must each be under a proper surveillance, and the vacant places made by death, by resignations, or by removals, must be promptly supplied. When the railroad was first introduced, if any one had foreseen the magnitude to which the system would have grown, he might have said that it would be impossible for any man to contrive a system by which such vast and complicated duties could be regularly performed. And the truth is, that no single man has contrived the system. It has

gradually grown up by the joint labors and inventive powers of many men. It is said that the locomotive, as it now exists, is the result of the labors of about *one hundred* inventors, each of whom has devised some part of the contrivances now combined in the machine; and that no one of them, perhaps no fifty of them, could ever have invented the whole. It is the same with

the system of railroad management. No one man, probably no hundred men, could have organized it. It has gradually been built up as the joint result of many generations of railroad managers, and is now, perhaps, on the whole, one of the most perfect working, as it certainly is one of the most complicated systems of organization that the world has ever seen.

A CHAIN OF STORIES.

BY F. JOHNSON.

THE FOX'S STORY.

WHILE the Stork was telling his story, the Magpie had already composed herself for talking, and raised her tail in an agony of impatience. No sooner had the Stork finished his story, than she began immediately, "Well, now listen to my story. My late grandmother" —

"Pray, Magpie," interrupted the Stork and the Badger, "we should like, above all things, to know what is the meaning of those marks on the legs of the Fox; and so we request him to tell us his story first."

The Fox then narrated to them the following story: —

"Although my life abounds with adventures, I do not know of anything that would interest you more than this.

"I was born at no great distance from here, with my four brothers, in the kennel of my parents. My mother had made us a soft nest of moss, and lined it with downy rabbit-skins, so that we felt exceedingly comfortable in it. As soon as we had been weaned, our parents brought us palatable food, — delicate young grouse, rabbits, and other choice morsels; sometimes also mice, which, however, we did not relish much; but mother said, 'You must get accustomed to everything. Time will be, perhaps, when you will be glad to have such food.'

"Thus we grew up; and as the kennel of our parents seemed too narrow to us, we tried to slip out of it. But our parents sternly forbade us so to do. 'Without,' they said, 'nothing awaits you but danger and trouble. As soon as you are big enough, we shall take you out of our own accord, and convey you to another safe place.'

"But, unfortunately, there are a great many children who make light of what their parents

tell them. And so we did also: when early in the morning in May the sun shone so gloriously into the door of our kennel, we longed intensely to see how things looked without; then when our parents went out hunting, and seeking food for us, we slipped secretly out of the door, and gamboled about in the sand in front of the kennel, and when we thought it was about time for our parents to return, we hastened back into the kennel.

"This went on for some length of time. One day, however, as we were chasing a mouse in front of the kennel, and gamboling and dancing, we perceived a man in the thicket. Thunder-struck with terror, we hastened back into the kennel, and were overjoyed when we no longer heard and saw anything of that man; but we did not suspect that we had brought about our own ruin. For on the following morning, when our parents had gone out, we heard the footsteps and voices of men; and all at once, a dog, barking furiously, penetrated into the kennel. Our terror and anguish begged description. We retired into the most remote corner of the kennel, and barked noisily, which, however, did not deter the dog; and, encouraged by the men, he seized the foremost of us. Despair imparts courage to the weakest. We rushed at our black enemy and scratched his face, which induced him to beat a hasty retreat. Already we believed ourselves to be comparatively safe, but the most imminent danger came from a quarter where we looked for it least; for we did not suspect that the hunters had sent the dog into the kennel in order to see whether we were in it, and to hear at what point the kennel terminated beneath the surface of the earth. For this purpose one of the men had applied his ear to the ground, and listened to the barking of the dog. They imme-

diately dug a hole at the point he indicated, and we heard with deadly anguish the sounds of the spade and pickaxe, which were coming closer and closer to us. At last the ground gave way, and the hunters burst into a loud cheer. All further resistance on our part would have been useless; we only burrowed our heads deeper and deeper into the sand. One of the hunters then stretched out his arm, seized my brothers one by one by their tails, and killed them by knocking them with a club on the head.

"After dispatching them, he lifted me up, and burst into loud laughter. He now brandished his club, and I looked already for the fatal blow, when a passer-by said to him, 'Stop, my friend; let me look at the little animal.' The newcomer stepped up and looked at me. 'Say,' he said, 'will you not let me have the little fox? I think he would be useful to me.'—'What?' replied the hunter, 'do you want to raise a chicken-thief?'—'No,' said the stranger, 'I will make an apprentice of him, and use him in my trade.'—'Well, you may have him,' replied the hunter, smiling; and the stranger put me into a large leathern bag, and took me to his house in the city.

"See here," he said to his wife, playfully, 'what a nice little dog I have got here.' So saying, he took me out of the bag. 'He is to learn by and by how to run my bellows.'

"These words indicated to me that I was at the house of a locksmith. He had connected with his bellows a wheel, in which a dog had to run, and thus move the bellows. The dog recently died, and his master did not intend to buy another, because the city authorities had lately imposed a tax on those who kept dogs. Inasmuch as he had now got a fox, he could avoid paying that tax. The locksmith thereupon put a collar round my neck, fastened a chain to it, and took me to the dog-kennel, where he gave me something to eat and drink.

"For the rest, my new master treated me kindly. When he went to his work, or returned from it, he stopped at the kennel, patted my head, and fed me. 'How are you, foxy?' he would say. 'You will soon help me in the shop.'

"A few weeks afterward he showed me the wheel, caused me to enter it, and taught me how to run in it. Having been chained for some time past, the exercise agreed with me, and I was not long in learning what was required of me. When he did not work at his forge I was allowed to rest, and looked on as he was filing and hammering, and making large and small locks.

"I had no cause to complain of the treatment I received at his hands, for he gave me plenty to eat, and always kept a dish full of food for me close to the wheel. But there were two things which I longed for from the bottom of my heart. Fresh air and liberty were wanting to me. How I yearned for the woods, the mountains, and the sunny hills, where the other foxes, despite the dangers always menacing them, were leading so merry a life! Besides, I had an enemy. A neighbor had a black tomcat, an envious, thievish animal. For hours he would sit in a hole in the wall and look at me coldly with his fiery eyes, while I was sweating in my wheel; but whenever my master turned his back to us for a moment, the Tomcat never failed to rush to my dish, snatch from it the best morsels, and run away at the top of his speed. In my master's kitchen, also, he stole as much as he could; and as I was sometimes allowed to run about the house, I was charged with these thefts, and was whipped for them.

"At length I got rid of my enemy; and, what was still better, he assisted me against his will in regaining my liberty, though I did not remain free for a long time. One day my master was absent, and as I happened to be in good spirits, I danced merrily in my wheel, and, for fun's sake, moved the bellows so that flames burst from the fire-place. I then sat down to eat my dinner. The Tomcat came to me, and, contrary to his habit, entered into a conversation with me. 'To judge from appearances, Fox,' he said to me, 'you must be very comfortable. I wish I were in your place.'

"Well," I replied, 'that is true. You see, I have plenty to eat and drink, and can take in the wheel here as much exercise as I care for.'

"I wish I were in your place," repeated the Tomcat.

"Well, then, come in to me just once," I said. 'I will show you what a good and merry time I have got in here.'

"The Tomcat stepped in, and we ran the wheel for a while so merrily, that the Tomcat assured me again and again that it afforded him a great deal of pleasure.

"Now," said I, 'sit down and eat,' for I had intentionally left for him a large piece of ham, which he devoured with great relish. While he was eating it, he said to me, 'Say, Fox, I like this sort of thing; I should like to learn your trade, and then enter a locksmith's service.'—'I will instruct you with pleasure,' I replied; 'all you have to do is to put on my collar, and then

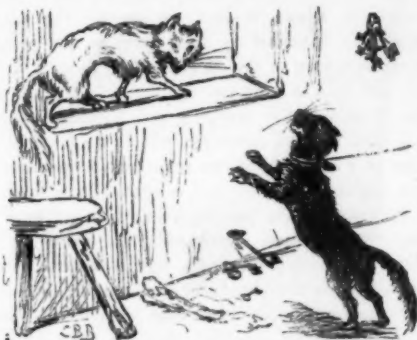
run at the top of your speed; you will learn it very easily."—"Very well," said the Tomcat, "let me put on your collar; I will try it."—"That will be a rather hard job for me," I replied, "but I will do it, nevertheless. Now, you must help me. You see this thing here on my collar? That is what is called a lock, and on the nail yonder hangs an instrument which is called a key. Now, if you put the key into the hole of the lock, and turn it, the lock opens. I can then take off the collar, and put it around your neck."

"The Tomcat fetched the key, and succeeded, after many fruitless efforts, in putting it into the hole. 'There,' I said; 'now take it between your teeth, and turn it.' The old Tomcat could do that to perfection, for he had already turned many a sinew from bones in that manner, so that it was easy for him to open the lock. 'Now take it out of the ring,' I said to him. He did so. I was overjoyed, put the collar hastily around the Tomcat's neck, and turned the key in the lock. 'Now,' run as fast as you can,' I said; 'I am sure you will have a good time of it. Good-by, Tomcat!' So saying, I jumped into the open window. 'Hold on!' cried the Tomcat, anxiously, trying to jump after me, and finding out only now that the collar was fastened to a chain.—"I have no time to spare," I replied to him, and jumped out of the window; but I still heard the Tomcat vainly attempting to break the chain, and mewing in the most piteous manner.

"But the recovery of my liberty was not to avail me much; for scarcely had I reached the street when a dog saw me, and pursued me so furiously that I was barely able to escape him. In the middle of the market-place there stood a large wooden booth. Monkeys and parrots were sitting on long poles, and a bear was on guard at the entrance. 'Brother Bear,' I cried, panting for breath, 'take me under your protection!'—"Just slip in here," replied the Bear, pointing to the entrance. I did so, and, to my astonishment and terror, I found myself in a large room, where a great many wild beasts were kept in iron cages. I at once tried to get out of the room again, but, terrified as I was, I could not find the entrance. The proprietor of the booth, and his men, now pursued me; they drove me from corner to corner. At last they seized me, and what do you think the proprietor of the booth did with me? He threw me into a cage, in which a big lion was confined. I crept, trembling with terror, into a corner of the cage, and looked anxiously at the majestic lion. He came slowly toward me, looked at me, and then lay

down again. Seeing that he did not intend to kill me, I approached him timidly. 'I shall not hurt you,' roared the Lion; 'never fear.' I then took heart, and sat down by his side, licking his paw, and glancing fearlessly up to him.

"When dinner-time came, a bone was thrown to me, too, and I made a hearty meal of it. Af-



ter dinner was over, I amused the lion by my merry gamboling. I jumped over him, and asked him to play with me.

"Thus we passed day after day, and the Lion grew very fond of me. A few days afterward the cages were put on wagons, and we drove to another city, where as many curious spectators desired to see the Lion and the Fox.

"But before long, this mode of life commenced wearying me, and I grew quite melancholy. 'Lion,' I said one day, 'we must try to regain our liberty.'

"'That is easier said than done,' replied the Lion. 'Can I break the iron bars with which the cage is closed?'

"'None of us can do that,' I replied; 'but, force being of no avail, we must resort to a stratagem. I believe I shall succeed in opening the cage.'

"The proprietor of the menagerie had among his animals a tame baboon, whom he allowed to walk about the room. Now I had noticed that the servant, who fed the animals, fastened the door of our cage only with a bolt, and did not put the lock on it; and I now turned to account what I had learned at the locksmith's shop. For this purpose, I said one evening to the Baboon, 'Say, friend Baboon, do me the favor of drawing back that bolt from the door.' He did so, and the door opened of itself. 'Now is the time, Lion,' I said; 'jump out, take me with you, and protect me.' As soon as the Lion had left the cage, and felt again the free use of his limbs, he

rushed toward the entrance. Tables and chairs broke under his feet, and, in leaping, he tore several curtains. The proprietor and his men rushed aside in great terror, and the Lion and myself were not long in reaching the open air. A few leaps more, and we were in the fields, outside of the city. All who met us took to their heels, and we shortly afterward reached a large forest, in whose thicket we passed the night. The Lion intended to stay here, as he greatly liked to repose in the shade of the forest; but I advised him to continue his flight. We left the forest early in the morning, and hastened toward a distant wooded mountain, which we reached on the same day. Here we rested, and devoured a few rabbits which we had caught on the road.

"However, the people living in that part of the country, soon discovered that we were so close to them. Hunters from distant places came to join the people of the neighborhood in pursuing us. We were surrounded, and succeeded barely in breaking through the ranks of our pursuers, and escaping into another forest. But we could not stay there either. The number of our pursuers were constantly on the increase, and we were chased, night and day, from one forest to another.

"On the fifth night we were lying on the edge of a rather deep gorge. After a while we saw lights approaching through the forest. 'Fox,'



said the Lion, 'I do not want to be chased any longer; if I must die, they may as well kill me here.' I tried to persuade him to flee, but it was of no avail. Presently we perceived a number of armed men, bearing torches. In their midst rode a fine-looking young man, accompanied by a large and splendid dog. On reaching a clearing in the forest, they kindled a fire, sat down in a wide circle, and took supper. There-

upon the following conversation took place among them. 'I wonder where the Lion may be,' said one of them. — 'God knows,' replied another. — 'But suppose he were close by,' continued the first speaker, 'what would you do?' — 'In that event, no one shall kill him but the king's son,' said the other. — 'Just take the dog by the leash,' said another speaker; 'it seems to me as though he were scenting his trail.'

"The young man was the king's son. He rose, and crossing his arms on his breast, he gazed into the wilderness, which was now shrouded in the pall of night. Quiet reigned all around, and no sounds were to be heard save the noise of his attendants, who were following the dog, who had really discovered the Lion's trail. Suddenly there was a rustle in the bushes on top of the rock, and, at one bound, the Lion was in front of the king's son, rising on his hind legs, and ready to tear him. The king's son drew back for a moment, — drew his short, but broad sword, and faced the Lion. But the latter lay down before him, and held out his paw, as if to say, 'Let us be friends!' At that moment the attendants of the Prince returned, and rushed upon the Lion with their swords and lances. 'Stop!' exclaimed the Prince. 'Do not hurt him. He has placed himself under my protection.'

"He approached the Lion fearlessly, and laid his hand on the head of the noble animal. 'We will tie him,' said one of the attendants. — 'It is unnecessary,' said the young man, sitting down by the Lion's side. 'I know he will follow me, even without fetters.'

"And so he did. The king's son lay down and slept without fear, while the Lion was reposing by his side; and the attendants of the Prince remained awake all night long, lest harm should befall their young master. When the Prince awoke next morning, they set out, and the Lion followed his master of his own accord, walking by his side with Ossian, the faithful dog.

"Now I emerged also from my hiding-place, and as I wished to remain with the Lion, I hastened to him, which excited great surprise among the men. 'Ah! there is a new voluntary subject of mine,' said the Prince; 'come, Fox, I will take thee, also, under my protection.'

"We then passed through the forest, and reached the capital toward noon. The news of the wonderful event spread immediately like wildfire through the city, and all the people came to see the strange animals. Upon our arrival at the royal palace, the Prince ordered handsome lit-

the houses to be built for us to the right and left of the principal gate. In the night, however, the Lion had to sleep in front of the door of the royal bedchamber. For the rest, we had plenty to eat and drink, and our master bestowed daily upon us new proofs of his kindness and attachment.

"We were soon to have an opportunity of rendering him a service for his kindness. Some desperate villains had conspired for the purpose of assassinating the Prince. In order to carry their plan into execution, they had concealed themselves in the shrubbery of the park surrounding the palace, and in which the Prince promenaded every day, and awaited the moment when he would pass by. It was my habit to stroll repeatedly through the park during the day, and I saw those three men, who looked suspicious to me. I communicated my misgivings to the Lion, and we repaired (even before the Prince had entered the park) to a point close to their place of concealment. When the Prince rose from the dinner-table, he, as usual, wended his way to the park. But no sooner had he reached the spot where the assassins were concealed, than they rushed at him with uplifted daggers. But just when they thought to be sure of accomplishing their fell design, an animal burst with a powerful leap through the shrubbery. It was the Lion. At a bound he felled two of them to the ground, and before the third had recovered from his terror, he had seized him by the breast, and shook him so violently that the villain burst into loud cries of dismay. Now the palace guard rushed to the spot, and took the three assassins into custody. They were sentenced to death, and were beheaded on the same day. But since that event the Prince never left the palace again without taking us with him.

"Thus we led an honorable and tranquil life for several years; but the time came when we were to be separated. The King was involved in a war, and the Prince, accompanied by us, took the field.

"The Lion fought faithfully in battles and skirmishes at the side of his master, while I officiated as a spy, and, in my humble way, rendered important services to the Prince. But one day, when I had just been sent out to spy the enemy's designs, the Prince, accompanied only by

a few attendants, fell into an ambuscade laid by the enemy. All offered the most heroic resistance. The Lion broke through the opposing ranks, and struck down whosoever stood in his way. Already the enemies were routed, when an arrow, shot from behind a tree, pierced the Lion's heart. He sank down, and expired in the arms of his master, who vainly tried to save him.

"The Prince was almost inconsolable at the loss of the noble animal, and not only caused the Lion to be buried amid imposing ceremonies, but erected a fine monument over his grave. I was present at the funeral, and loudly lamented the



death of my generous companion and protector. Suddenly the Prince said to me, 'Methinks, faithful Fox, you would like to regain your liberty, since you have lost your excellent friend. I thereupon drew back from him a few steps in order to give him to understand that such indeed was my desire. 'Well, then, go,' he said; 'I am thankful for all the faithful services which you have rendered me, and I shall order all my subjects never to hurt and molest you.' And in order that every one might know me, a royal crown — the marks of which you still see on my legs — was tattooed on each of them.

"I then left for my old home, where I had passed the first months of my life so happily; and since then I have never been molested by any hunters.

"That is my story," said the Fox.



THE PRINCE CHARLES SPANIEL.

As my stories are true ones, of just the simple facts, do not judge of them as by a standard of invention.

My son came home one evening, deeming himself fortunate in having had presented to him a Prince Charles spaniel. He was a nervous, twittering, silken little fellow, dancing about everywhere, as restless as water, or a piece of tissue paper in a gale of wind. We protested against his admission into the family, and voted him at once, upon first sight, a most annoying and disagreeable little cur. Every one, male and female, screamed out an exclamation of disgust. The little animal took no other notice of this than to jump into everybody's lap, whether willing or not, poke his nose into every face, and lick and kiss everybody, in spite of screams and pushes.

Now, how strange and subtle some elements are. I call some things elements, — electricity, love, hate, — for they get into us and out of us we can hardly explain how, or why. We had begun by determining to hate little Prince. We would with one consent have turned him out of doors, and have perhaps hastened him with a kick, or some other piece of cruelty and rudeness. But wherever he got the elements of his education (and I think he had them directly from his Creator), Prince was a practical Christian. He returned love for hate, — and what then? He made all of us love him. I never saw anything like it in a human being. Yes, I have seen something of the same quality, but not so unrestrained, so full and complete.

In twenty minutes after his introduction, Prince was on loving terms with everybody, money could not have bought him, and to have turned him out of doors would have been shocking! How strange that we should be so governed by impulses, when, if love is worth anything, it should be a settled principle. Then all good and charitable people would always have a little love to spare even for dogs.

So we had a prince in the family, who for a time behaved like one. He was always affectionate and loving; and if people came to visit of frosty natures, he would compel them to warm up and melt down a little, and be on affable terms. If at times he was sportive, and insisted upon kissing when other people didn't like it, and got a pretty hard rap or kick therefor, he never laid it to heart, but watched his opportunity, and soon after, perhaps, would come again, when the human

animal, subject to spleen and repentance, might be in a better mood. Then Prince was kissed and fondled in return, perhaps twice as much, to make up for the injury; so all was right, and both parties were better.

Now I do not mean to make a long story. I shall not write out Prince's history, nor pronounce his eulogy, further than to say, — he never bit anybody, he never did an unkindness. Whatever people were in the same company, and however much they hated each other, he ran through them like a silver cord of love, tending to unite them all.

There came a change. Just in the heated time of the dog-days Prince betrayed strange symptoms. He was not as loving as usual, though he seemed to try to love, and would not eat or drink. His eye was very glassy, and he shivered all over. "Perhaps," said some of us who had been his friends, "the dog is getting mad." Getting mad! O, horror! What a terror there is abroad of hydrophobia. We stuck Prince's nose in the water, and he would not drink; so this was a sure symptom, we foolishly thought. At any rate, it would not do for human beings to run the terrible risk of hydrophobia. So we put poor Prince out in the yard, shivering, yelping, and moaning, — and what did he do? He took a maddened run up to the high fences, and evidently did his best to jump over them, running all the way around the yard, jumping up convulsively, and yelping. He might as well have tried to jump over the moon.

Well, this spasmodic action gave place to perfect quiet, and seeming exhaustion; then we approached him with great care. He gave no sign of offense by any attempt to snap or bite. We chained him unresistingly, and tied him fast near the house, with some food before him, that he might eat if he would, but he seemed little inclined to do so.

In the house, the debate of hydrophobia went on. The hydrophobists had it all their own way. A feeble argument was raised that Prince might be only sick; but who knows anything of dog diseases? He might possibly be mad, — and that was enough. You may be "as sick as a dog," and no one charge you with having hydrophobia; but if a dog is sick, he is mad. Enough to say, Prince was declared mad. So it was determined that, however much we had loved him, Prince must be killed. He was a doomed dog. Judge

and jury all had steeled their hearts against him. Who was to be his executioner? Who, of course, but I, who was the head of the family, and bound to undertake a task of so much danger. Of course neither Christianity nor courage would allow me to put it upon any one else. The various forms of dog execution were canvassed, and it was decreed that Prince should be drowned.

My residence (luckily for such humane and righteous purposes) is on a street near the East River. Of course there was some risk that the little dog might snap, and scatter his saliva, and all that; but the thing had to be done, and most reluctantly did *Judex inexorabile* and *Paterfamilias* go about it. But little Prince stood trembling, and thus making his chain rattle, moaning piteously, and showed not the least disposition to snap, as I approached him. He tried to lick my hand; but I said in my prudent heart, "No you don't, Mr. Hydrophobia,—you can do no such thing, under present circumstances. I then untied the little rope at the end of his chain, leaving his chain and pretty collar upon him,—while all the family, out of harm's way, looked into the yard from the windows,—and led him by his chain through the house into the street, all his old friends jumping timidly out of our way. He followed nicely through the street. It was but a few rods to the wharf at the foot. My son went with me. We selected carefully a large stone, which, attached to his chain, would be sure to carry him down by the head. When about half the distance to the wharf, poor little Prince seemed too weak to proceed, and held back to such an extent, that, although rather reluctant, I felt that I must take him up in my arms. I did so; and he would have licked my face after the blessed and loving old fashion, but I had carefully protected my hands with gloves, and kept his nose at a reasonable distance. He moaned, whined, and shivered, but sat comfortably on my arm, while my son followed with the sacrificial stone, which was to drag him down to the deeps.

Now my little reader, or large reader, do you believe in a dog Providence? I know my larger readers believe in a dog pound, but truly is there not a dog Providence for good little dogs like Prince. I think and believe so. Nobody, at least nobody possessing a soul that acts, like a heart that beats, doubts, or can doubt, that there is a Providence for a good man, taking better thought than himself of all his ways, and helping those who trust in Him, in the most difficult trials.

Now, I must say here, that had I been made

the executioner of a human being, I could not have felt worse than on this trying occasion; nay, I felt in some sense as though little Prince was akin to me, like my own child. Yet he was but a dog, and the plea of a strong sense of duty had come in. And yet I would have given a large sum of money (if I had had it) that anybody else should have sacrificed little Prince. We walked slowly, my son and I, as at a funeral.

Now, I ask you all again,—do you believe in a dog Providence? I do. I will finish my story, and then we shall see whether you do not believe also.

We were approaching the pier, and had not met a single human being on our painful march. This I was glad of, for, to tell the truth, I hated sorely my enforced duty; it wounded my humane feelings, and besides, it touched my pride. I should not have liked it, that any man—least of all, any of my friends—should have seen me going to drown a dog. So, we were all ready; and what hope had poor Prince?

Just as we reached the pier, a bluff, well-dressed sailor made his appearance, coming from a ship fastened near by. He marched directly up to us, and, far from fearing little Prince, put his hand directly upon him in a caressing way, and suffered him to lick it.

"Take care," said I; "this dog is thought to be mad, and we are about to drown him!"

"What!" said the sailor, "about to drown so beautiful and valuable a dog as that? I know all about dogs. He is not half so mad as you are; give him to me. I have seen many dogs, but never one so handsome. He is only sick. Dogs at this season of the year become sick and constipated, from a want of judgment in those who feed them. You should change his meat for a milk diet, or some such thing. At any rate, if you will give him to me, I shall think it the best day's work I have done in a long time. My wife is on board the ship; she needs just such a pet, and will give me a warm welcome when I place him in her arms. She will give him some medicine, and cure him in a few days, and set as much store by him as if he was her own child,—for we have no children."

So, with delight we agreed that Providence, in this sailor, should have little Prince in his holy keeping. We loosed the rope and chain from the drowning-stone (we had intended to throw him in, pretty collar and all), and made him and all his trappings a free gift to the sailor, who took him in his arms, hugged him up to warm him, and handled him as though he loved him. The

two went their way toward the ship to make his wife happy, and Prince, receiving kisses back, was kissing the sailor all over his face.

I have often, as a child, had my heart touched by a picture of one of the celebrated masters, representing the Saviour as a shepherd, folding a lamb in his arms. Is it at all irreverent to liken this picture to that of the sailor fondling dear little Prince, whom he had saved from death; while the innocent dumb creature, as if he felt the full miracle of his rescue, was kissing him all over? I trow not. If I were rich enough, I would have the last picture painted and engraved by first-rate artists, for the children to whom I tell this story.

Well, so little Prince found in the sailor and his wife the friends who could understand him, who could love him, and return his love without fear, and who would not call every trifling ill-

ness hydrophobia, and sentence him to death for it.

Well, that is the whole story. Did I ever see little Prince afterward? Never. That is, never except in my mind's eye. There I have often followed him and his fortunes. I have seen him taken in his ship to foreign parts, and introduced to many ladies, and perchance to other princes. I have known that his master and mistress must have continued to love him, and that those who understood his language (the language of love, which is a little understood, and should be taught more widely in all nations) would love him also. And then I thank God that this sailor lifted a burden which was heavy on my heart, and I now know would have rested cruelly on my soul. And I know if I should meet dear little Prince again, I should kiss him, and let him kiss me, and have no fear of the hydrophobia.

HITTY'S WALK.

BY ROSE TERRY.

It was late in October, and Reuben Sawyer's wife lay on her bed in their log-cabin quite unable to rise or to work. She had been very sick with a fever, and the doctor had forbidden her to leave her bed for a fortnight at least, for a relapse would surely be fatal. It was not so very much matter she thought, as she glanced from the tiny baby lying at her side to Hitty, moving about the room with so much energy and handiness.

"She's got a sight o' faculty, Hitty has," Mrs. Sawyer said to herself. "She's real handy, 'nd baby don't need no tendin', he'll lie jest as still as a mouse 'long o' me: so Hitty'll have plenty o' time to do the chores, and Reuben won't want for nothin'."

Nobody could have disagreed with her, who had been there to see that strong straight figure going about the shanty, mixing bread, washing potatoes and beets, cleaning a head of cabbage, and preparing with care and skill that favorite dish in New England, a "biled dinner," and between whiles coming to her mother's side to lay the patchwork quilt a shade straighter, freshen the pillows, and give a peep at baby,—a red and wrinkled little morsel as yet, but in Hitty's eyes an embryo angel. Mehitable Sawyer, to give her whole name, was only thirteen years old,

but tall for her age; she was not handsome, or even pretty; but no artist would have passed without a long look at her dark bright face. Her head well shaped, covered with short, glossy hair, black as the blackbirds are in April, and waved all over in its eagerness to curl,—a desire laudably repressed by Hitty, who had no time to spare. Then she had a clear, cheery voice with no whine about it, and a set of firm white teeth, always glancing under a smile or a laugh, and, better than all, a sunshiny, generous nature that would have made less picturesque shape and tint attractive. An entire contrast to the little lady of just her age, I met in the street cars last summer, flounced, frizzed, panned, and hung in chains: with high-heeled, yellow boots and crooked ankles, a pale and languishing face, and feathers enough in her hat for three game-cocks to wear. How she patronized and overawed me! How very young and ignorant I felt under her suave and flattering attentions! How I ached in a cowardly way to bestow upon her a little peppery advice which politeness and humiliation both forbade! Brave, bright little Hitty with her straightforward look and honest tongue was worth a dozen of Marie Gardiner, as the little idiot called herself, having been christened in my own hearing Maria Jane.

The log-hut Reuben Sawyer had built when he went on to the Wantash coalings, was set in a place that should have been painted, but Reuben only put it there for shelter. Directly behind it rose a great gray rock crowned with hemlocks, that stretched its mighty buttress far away to the east, and kept off the bitter north winds that wrestled long and fiercely with its evergreen plumage, but could never find any way by gust or eddy to reach the shanty below. To the west a thick belt of spruces, some half dozen rods off, afforded still more protection, and the sun beat so warmly on that granite wall, that the snow melted there earlier than on any other ledge of the mountains; and there the earliest wild-flowers — saxifrage, and sweet-faced liverwort, bloodroot, like the eggs of some unknown bird, and quaint "Dutchman's breeches," — blossomed for Hitty's delighted eyes: a little later, from every crevice the gay and daring columbines, balanced as it were on one foot, hung their dangling jewels of coral and gold; and the lovely blue clematis clung with its rare spiritual blossoms to each projecting cornice. Hitty had a natural love of flowers and colors, and her play was as vivid as her work; those brown bare feet stepped in and out of the house till her mother would say with a little laugh, "I declare for't, I don't know whether our Hitty lives in the house or out on't! It's a real blessin', father, 't you put up the shanty in s'ch a dreadful sightly place, she does set so much by them posies 'nd things under the Ledge."

"I didn't locate it noways for the sightliness on't, 'Lizy," growled Reuben. "It's so kinder sheltered here I thought 'twas a reliable place to settle onto: there a'n't no drip to the Ledge, ye see; it kinder slopes off back'ards; what springs there be on't, all run daown 'tother side, and there a'n't never no drifts on top on't to thaw 'nd come travellin' daown in spring-time. I guess you 'nd me won't ketch no rheumatiz here."

Nor did they; but other things came in its place, first a baby, and then a fever; a month "mother" had been in bed, and was to be there at least a fortnight more. Her pale, thin face with its great, tender hazel eyes looked wistfully at Hitty, and seemed to run over with a love she could not speak.

No wonder! her little daughter had proved herself almost a woman in those weary weeks; had done all the work and part of the nursing; had kept Granny Lucas, the old woman from Hollow Pond village, who came for a week's nursing, in the best of humor; and made her father so comfortable, when he came home from

a long day's work at the coal-pits, that poor Mrs. Sawyer lay there and thought, with a certain melancholy pleasure, how well it was that Hitty had grown so handy, if she herself had got to die.

To-day, after dinner was got and eaten, the shanty was set in its best order, the floor wiped up, the doors cleaned round their latches, pots and kettles all banished into the shed, and a bunch of bright leaves and evergreens hung to a nail on the wall beside mother's bed.

"Jest so's you kin see how it looks out doors," said Hitty.

"Set open the door a bit, dear," said her mother, "so's't I can get a breath of air to kinder freshen me up, it's so hot to-day."

Hitty opened the door and sat down on the step, her chin on her hand, to look at the gorgeous picture before her. The shanty stood in quite a little clearing, perhaps two acres, part still bristling with stumps; but a few square rods about the house had been grubbed and planted with corn and potatoes, and Hitty had her own posy beds, that she had herself made and planted, on either side of the door where she sat. Through that spruce wood lying to the west, a wood-road ran up to the coalings, and, skirting the corn-patch, went away southward through the forest to Hollow Pond village, three miles.

Suddenly Hitty's quick eye saw something moving down the vista of the road through the spruces. Her clear dark eyes opened wider as she watched the staggering approach of something like yet unlike a man; but the eyes were keen as well as clear, and in a second she perceived that the thing was Jim Silver, her father's partner, a great Vermonter, six feet five in his stockings and proportionately strong, but the burden he carried now bent and staggered him.

"O, mother!" cried Hitty, "here's Jim Silver a-comin' down from the kiln with somethin' real big on his back."

"O dear!" said the poor woman, with an instinctive dread, "run Hitty 'nd see what it is: my mind does misgive me dreadfully."

Hitty bounded off at the word, and ran like a squirrel through the trees. Jim Silver had indeed got a heavy burden on his back, — no less than Reuben Sawyer, apparently lifeless, blackened, bruised, and ghastly, with but burnt rags hanging about him for clothes.

Hitty stopped, as if turned to stone. "Yer father's ketched it pooty severe," said Jim; "you'd better run home 'n tell Miss Sawyer, 'nd get a kind of a place fixed to lay him onto."

Hitty flew; she said nothing in reply to Jim, for she could not speak; but her pale face and dilated eyes, as she entered the shanty door, told her mother enough.

"What is't, Hitty? is father killed?" gasped the poor woman, rising on one elbow.

"No, dear; he's hurt awfully, though, 'nd I must fetch my bed down here" —

Before the last words were finished, Hitty was up the ladder into the loft, and had dragged her straw bed down-stairs, smoothed and spread it; even arranged a cushion from the chair, and a pillow from the other bed on it, before Jim Silver had got into the door, and laid his pitiful burden down. Luckily, Mrs. Sawyer had both sense and courage in her frail little body; she did not scream, nor faint, nor have hysterics, nor even try to get out of her bed; she knew what any imprudence of her own would do to the whole family, so she only lay still, and told Hitty what to do, while Jim Sawyer, with shears and knife, cut off the remnants of clothes and boots that clung to the poor man's legs, and laid some cool linen rags against the burnt and bleeding flesh.

"Fetch the goose-ile bottle, Hitty; it's in the press in the shed; 'nd then rip up that new comfortable in my chist up-stairs, — jest tear it open, and pull the cotton out on't."

Hitty never was so nimble before; it seemed but a few seconds to her, though ages of pain to him, before her father's legs, from half way above the knees to the soles of his feet, were swathed in cold oil and cotton; but, in moving one to dress it, Jim discovered it was broken!

By this time Reuben had roused himself, or rather a spoonful of raw whiskey had dispelled the swoon of pain, and his groans were fearful.

"That a'n't a-goin' to do," sighed his wife, sinking back on her pillow. "Hitty, fetch that laudlum bottle out o' the corner-cupboard on the top shelf, 'nd give him 'most a teaspoonful on't in some water. I've seen this kind o' thing afore!"

She might well say so! her own father had fallen, as Reuben had, into a burning coal-pit, that gave way under his tread, and caught his foot in a stick, so that even immediate help availed little; he was dragged out alive, it is true, but life lasted only for three days. However, Reuben had escaped better; he was badly burned, but the worst injury was the broken leg.

"I must be a-goin' straight back to them pits," said Jim, getting up from the bedside; "ef I don't, our job's all up, 'nd we'll hev to whistle

for't. I've left that one a-blaizin', 'nd I'll hev to make double time back."

"But the doctor?" said Mrs. Sawyer, turning paler than ever.

"I know it; doos seem dreadful unaccommodatin', but I've got to kalkerlate for the hull on us now; 'nd ef it does spile, — that are coal, — why, we shall be cryin' for vittles afore spring. I tell ye; I must fix them pits, 'nd go over Wantash to-night, so's to get Peniel Bangs to help me till he gets raound agin. Can't ye send Hitty?"

Mrs. Sawyer looked at her husband, her baby, her daughter. "You're in the right on't, Jim, there's more days 'n to-day; but we women folks ain't so liable to think about the futur' as men be, — we'd oughter be more forecastin'. I guess Hitty 'nd me'll fix it."

So Jim went, without one word of sympathy or regret, much as if he had been a man of wood; and yet his honest heart was full of both. And if his judgment had not sent him off to the coal-pits, he would have stayed there and nursed Reuben day and night, with the patience and tenderness, if not the skill of a woman. Mrs. Sawyer did not ask Hitty if she was afraid to go for the doctor, but took it for granted she must go. She had asked Jim to draw her husband's bed close to her own before he went; and lying on the edge of hers, she could reach him with one hand easily enough to moisten his lips with a spoonful of water, or wet the bandage on his hot head.

"Set the pitcher right here by me, Hitty; shove the table a bit closer, 'nd get me the camphire bottle, 'nd a mug o' that beef tea you made this morning. It's real fort'nate there a'n't no fire a-goin', and it's a warm day. Now, dear, go'n git your bonnet; 'nd you'd better take your sack along, it'll be kinder chilly comin' back; but I guess the doctor'll fetch ye, 'nd it's near on to four o'clock now."

Hitty's heart beat very fast as she dressed herself; she had a deal of courage, but it was of the kind that acts in spite of fear, not in its absence. Hitty did not think of ghosts, or robbers, or spirit rappings, as a sillier girl might have done; but there were bears on Wantash, — three had been killed there only last winter, — and, worse than that, a wild-cat was shot in the spring, somewhere in those very woods which the coaling road to Hollow Pond traversed; and, worse than all, Hitty had that terror of the dark that is so instinctive in some people; so innate, that no reason and no force of will can abate it; a terror that seems to suffocate and bewilder, that sets the heart beating like the pulse of a mill-

dam, blinds the eyes, and cramps the limbs; and Hitty knew there was not one chance in a thousand that Dr. Hall would be at home; and then, if he were not, she must come alone three miles through the woods; but she put on her bonnet and went. The child was tired, not with her day's work, but with fright and excitement, so that her steps were not so swift and elastic as usual; however, the road to Hollow Pond was all down-hill, though the doctor lived up another hill a mile and a half beyond; of that she thought nothing,—her healthy nature never troubled itself long with the next hour's duties or fancies, but was child-like enough to go willingly from step to step; so, before long, Hitty was skipping merrily down the road, absorbed in the splendor of the trees, the wonderful autumnal sunset, that filled the blue heaven above with fleeces of rose and gold, the soft air full of perfume, and the mosses and berries that so bewitched her eyes on either hand of her fragrant path. It did not occur to her to think of her mother and father, or of the coming darkness,—present pleasure was enough. Had Hitty only known it, that temperament was a gift no fairy godmother's fabulous endowing could transcend, or even equal. It seemed to her but a little while before she left the wood-road for the highway, and caught sight of the small cluster of white houses in the hollow; but the sun was just ready to drop behind Wantash, though his beams lay brightly on Spinner's Hill, where Dr. Hall lived. Old Granny Lucas called to her from the shed-door, where she was taking down long festoons of dried apples, to know what was the matter.

"I can't stop now!" said Hitty, and away she went up Spinner's Hill, her steps quickened by one look toward the western hill-tops. When she reached the back-door of the doctor's big white house, and knocked on it sturdily, it was opened at once by Miss Malvina Hall, the doctor's elder sister and housekeeper.

"Well! what do ye want, child?"

"I want the doctor, ma'am."

"Ain't to home, 'nd I don't know when he's a goin' to be; he's gone down to Franklin, I expect."

"O dear!" half sobbed Hitty.

"Why, what's the matter? come right along in, child; set down, there! I don't know but what he'll be along in two minutes."

"Father's hurt him!"

"Well, what's his name? folks will get hurt sometimes, 'nd get better on't, too."

"His name's Reuben Sawyer."

"Do, tell! your mother's real sick, too, ain't she? has ben, quite a spell."

"Yes'm, she can't set up any yet."

"Well, 'n how did your pa get hurt?"

"He was a coalin', 'nd fell through into the pit, ma'am, 'nd Jim dragged him out, and fetched him home on his back."

"Sakes alive! wa'n't much hurt, was he?"

"Yes'm; we 'xpect he's broke his leg! and both on 'em is burnt dredful bad."

"Who's there, 'long of your ma?"

"Nobody, ma'am."

"You don't mean to say she's a-takin' care on him all this time, 'nd the baby too, do ye, 'nd she in her bed?"

"She is," replied Hitty, rather curtly.

"And who's done the chores along back?" pursued the persistent spinster.

"I have."

"Well, I never did!" Step along here into the pantry, child, your hands'll be dredful full for a while, I guess; 'nd we're neighbors, so we must be neighborly."

Miss Malvina's interpretation of this word at four or five miles' distance, meant a basketful of biscuit, cookies, soda-crackers, fresh eggs, and a package of tea on top, which she put into Hitty's hand as a matter of course, stopping her thanks with a great doughnut, and filling her pocket with red apples.

"There now, git along, child; I'll send the doctor along jest as quick as he gets back,—he sha'n't get out of the gig."

Hitty ran down-hill as fast as she dared, remembering the frail freight in her basket; stopped a moment to tell Granny Lucas what was the matter, and received another series of questions and cross-questions, from which she at length finally wrenched herself away.

"I must go, now, Miss Lucas! it's all but dark, 'nd all the way in the woods."

"Well, well! wait jest a minnit, can't ye, child? I've got some salve up-stairs that's the dredfullest healin' stuff for burnt flesh ever ye sec! it's real powerful; it's made o'— Le'me see—why, there's a heap of things into it; but jest you set down onto the steps; mebbe the doctor won't come to-night, 'nd he'll lie a groanin', 'nd you'll be dredfully on't to think you didn't fetch the salve."

Hitty could not resist this last argument; down she sat, while Granny Lucas hobbled into her garret, to rummage for the salve.

By the time she reappeared all the stars were

shining in the tranquil sky, except that just where the sun had set, a black cloud was rising rapidly. Hitty took the box, and hurried away; in a few moments the forest-road opened from the highway, and she found herself in solitude and darkness.

At first she would not think about it, but pressed straight on, guided by the sky above her head, which showed clear and pure between the tree-tops, with its sparkling ranks of stars; but soon the cloud that had threatened drew its



blackness over all those heavenly lights,—the first snow-squall of the year set in; the flakes beat in Hitty's face and stung her eyes. She did not stray from the road because a furrow had been drawn on either side for drainage, but she stumbled into that many a time. How her ears rung with all sorts of sounds, such as that imaginative organ makes for itself when the soul to which it speaks is full of electric fears; how her knees trembled, as if ready to give way under her; while her heart beat so loudly, she fancied

more than once rapid footsteps were following her, and stopped to listen: anything was better than conjecture. Through the tiny fluttering flakes, that filled the air with a sort of dim whiteness, she strained her eyes in vain to see some familiar object; like all dark eyes, they had none of that power to pierce the night, which belongs to the more phosphorescent gray or blue; she could perceive nothing but a blank darkness at first, that after a while peopled itself with shadows vague and yet fearful. Hitty was very tired, and terribly frightened, to tell the truth; and many a time her trembling little heart urged her to turn back, and run with all speed to Granny Lucas's house, and stay there till daylight. But, with the courage of a soldier, Hitty fought her fears; she knew that her mother was already anxious and exhausted, her father perhaps aroused already from the influence of his anodyne, maybe that precious baby was crying! She choked down the tears that almost choked her, and pushed on faster yet. Hark! what a scream! her heart stood still in a spasm of horror; there was the wild-cat, whose yell, and fangs, and glittering eyes were so well known to her dreams! For a second she stood like a stone,—a second, that seemed to her an hour; then came the scream again, and a long, loud "Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-oo,"—as a great gray owl, slowly flapping its wings, "whisked" across the road on a mousing expedition. Hitty laughed! but the fright had laid its tax on her strength, and as the way grew steeper, she went like a person in a nightmare; her feet grew numb, and seemed to make no progress forward, only to lift up and down; her breath was hurried, and her legs fairly ached; she *must* sit down for a moment, just one minute to rest,—it would be no matter to be just a minute later, but it would be a great matter to get too tired to walk at all; so she stumbled into the furrow, and stretching out her hand to save herself, felt the trunk of a great tree behind her, and sat down with her head against it; a certain sense of protection and comfort in the assurance of one familiar object close beside, filling her mind with more security than she felt before.

How long she sat there the child never knew; but she was roused from her dead sleep by a warm tongue on her face, a rough hairy paw on her hand; and opening her eyes, beheld down the road a pair of fiery eyes swiftly approaching; this time there was no mistake about it,—this was no owl. As she struggled away from the wild beast, it sprang upon her again,—the fiery

eyes glared yet nearer, — a horrid shriek escaped poor Hitty's lips, she fell forward on the ground, and the next minute was lifted in Dr. Hall's arms! Bose, his great Newfoundland dog, running on before the gig, had found an old friend in sleeping Hitty; and the doctor's gig-lamps had played bear number two!

Hitty was not one of the fainting kind; but until Dr. Hall had poured a spoonful of wine from his pocket-flask into her open white lips, she could not speak a word; and then her story was so broken by sobs, that the doctor bade her keep quiet till they got home. In the mean time Miss Malvina's basket, strange to say, had escaped all injury from bears or bruises, but the doctor and Hitty overlooked or forgot it; so Bose took the handle carefully between his teeth, and carried it on to the shanty, not a great distance off, for Hitty had sat down to rest within half a mile of home.

The doctor carried her into the house, and put her down in a chair, before he blanketed his old horse; and when he had at last set Reuben's leg, and dressed his burns, arranged his bed for the night, and given him a dose of anodyne, while Hitty made tea, and set out bread and tea and doughnuts for supper, he said, "Now, Hitty, let's hear what you were screaming about down there in the road."

So Hitty told her story; and when she had got through, the doctor drew her on to his knee, and looked at her mother's great shining eyes, just ready to brim over with tears.

"Why, Hitty! you ought to have gone to the

war; there's the making of a regular soldier-boy in you. You're a brave one!"

"Why, doctor! I wa'n't brave a bit. I was frightened 'most to death."

"Well, why didn't you go back to Miss Lucas's, then, and stay all night?"

"Mother wanted me."

"Hm!" sniffed the doctor; "you're goin' to make a real woman; but I tell you, Hitty, there's more men that fight when they ain't afraid, than fight when they are, — a thousand to one; and I call them that are the scarcest, the bravest!"

So Hitty crept up-stairs, and made herself a funny little bed on "the soft side of a board," with a cloak and a shawl, an old buffalo robe and a chair cushion, where she fell fast asleep; for Dr. Hall would stay all night for the very purpose of letting her rest, knowing far better than she did how much her body and brain needed it. In the morning he drove off, and brought back Granny Lucas, who stayed till Mrs. Sawyer was able to sit up, and Reuben's burns almost healed. It is true Hitty had a hard winter, for it was long before her father's leg was thoroughly knit; her mother was still weak, and there was baby; and they all depended upon Hitty's laugh and cheeriness as much as on her strong and ready hands. But spring came at last, as it always does; and when our little maid began to go to school at Hollow Pond, and traversed the coaling road twice a day, she thought very often of her walk in the night, but she never saw any more bears.

BEECH-NUTTING.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.

THE red and yellow colors of autumn had all faded from the tops of the mountains, and only a few maples and birches flamed or smouldered in the valley, and on the lower hills. But the days were warm, and the grass green as if another spring had already come. One of these days, when it was a delight to be out-doors, and, above all, upon the hills, Ida and Lolo went beech-nutting with Aunt Gitty. They went across the bridge, and up to the forest, which crowned the summit of the hill beyond. As they climbed the wide belt of rocky pasture below the woods, Lolo found a ripe strawberry, and ran to show it to her aunt.

"You wouldn't think we'd find a strawberry this time of day, would you?" she said to Aunt Gitty.

They passed scattering thorn-trees, and Ida and Lolo often stopped to pick up the pretty red and yellow thorn-plums; and often they all sat down to rest, and looked back at the beautiful, deep valley. At the edge of the wood above they found a beech-tree whose branches almost swept the ground on the upper side, and were dotted with burrs, in which the ripe, brown nuts sat ready to fall out as soon as the wind should shake them hard enough. It was easy to pick them off; and while the children's fingers flew

after the cunning little nuts, their tongues were busy too.

"Here, Ida," said Lolo, "you may get on my branch; mine has got more on it than yours. I'm going to give mamma all my beech-nuts; no, I'll

wish I could carry him home, and had a little house to keep him in."

"What makes them call them grasssuppers?" asked Lolo; "because they eat grass?"

"Grasssuppers," repeated Aunt Gitty; "how do you spell that, Lolo?"

"G-r-a-s grass, — h-o-double p-e-r-s," spelled Lolo.

"I don't spell it so," said Aunt Gitty; and she spelled it for Lolo.

"O!" said Lolo, "that's the way. They're grasshoppers. It's because they hop."

On a grassy ridge, which reached out from the woods, they found two trees side by side, which dropped their nuts together, so they lay very thick on the short, clean sward beneath. Here they stayed a long time, for the pretty three-cornered nuts were unusually large and glossy. Lolo said, "I



Giving Carrie and Eva beech-nuts.

give some to Charlie and the baby, and I'll shuck some for papa, — he likes them awfully."

When they had picked all they could reach, Aunt Gitty shook the boughs, and the beech-nuts rattled down like hail. Then they hunted for them in the grass. Lolo found a grasshopper, which she called a grasssupper. She said, "What a boy Charlie Bunny is. He'll say, —

'Grasssupper gray,
Give me some honey to-day,
Or I'll kill you!'

and then he'll smash it. Poor little harmless things, they don't hurt anything. I don't kill them; I'd say, —

'Grasssupper gray,
Give me some honey to-day,
Or I'll kill you!'

But I wouldn't kill it; I'd set it down carefully, and let it hop. Next time I'll say, —

'Grasssupper gray,
Give me some honey to-day,
Or I'll keep you.'

But I wouldn't keep it. I'd let it go."

"Some boys kill toads," said Ida.

"We wouldn't kill them," said Lolo. "We used to bother them, though; we'd tickle them under their little arms, to make them hop."

"Here's another grasssupper," said Ida. "I

like to pick them up, they're so big and beautiful."

Ida found a dead butterfly, and Lolo cried out when she saw it, "O, the poor little darling! Come Ida, let's dig a grave for it; and we'll put up sticks for grave-stones. That will be a good way to do for butterflies, won't it, Aunt Gitty?"

When they had enough beech-nuts they went home; and on the way they met on the bridge two shy, pretty little girls, and Lolo gave each



The butterfly's funeral.

"The sun is going to clap his hands. He's so tickled because we are burying the butterfly. He's a funny old chap. That first Billy isn't a good one, so I made one behind him. Looks more like Billy, don't it?"

of them a handful of beech-nuts, saying, when they were past, "Carrie and Eva are awful good little girls."

When they reached grandma's, baby Alice was

there, and they gave her some beech-nuts, Ida and Lolo "shucking" them for her. Aunt Dorcas was baking in the kitchen, and they all went out there and played "dinner."

"I'll make some toast," said Lolo; and she got the toasting-fork, and hung first one square patchwork holder on it before the fire, and then another, till they were toasted enough; and then the table was set in a chair. Toasted holders and "popped beech-nuts" furnished the table. Baby thought it was her part to whine, "Now, mamma, what can I have?"

"O, you can have all the toast, baby," said Lolo, "because you're not very well. Come, now, all of you. But first I must get the mahl, and mahl my child;" and she took the long iron poker off its nail. Aunt Dorcas was horrified, and asked, "What are you going to maul her for?"

"O," said Lolo, "I'm going to touch her, and make her pretty. There, baby," she said, tapping her lightly with the poker, "Now you're pretty."

"I should think you had better touch yourself," said Ida, dryly.

"Well, I will," said Lolo; and she touched herself, saying, "Now I'm pretty." She had seen

could knit. They had known how a whole day, and had knit about an inch of a narrow strip, set up on hens' quills. As they sat showing her how they could pick up the yarn and put it round, and pull the loop through, Nelly said,



Playing dinner.

"Eva Biller knows how to knit." Ida laughed, and repeated softly, "Eva Biller!"

"Well," said Lolo, "Nelly has got such a cold, she is hoarse in her nose, and can't say Miller."

"We mustn't laugh at company," said Ida, straightening up.

Another pleasant day, Ida and Lolo went beech-nutting with Aunt Gitty, and Lucky was with them. They went further off, across Roaring Brook, and up the hills, to a beautiful place on the side of a mountain. The beeches were on the border of a grand old grove of rock-maples. This grove was the "sugar-works" of a neighbor, and they went past the boiling-place, which was against a huge rock by the side of a brook. They had never found the beech-nuts so plentiful as here; and the children flew about with exclamations of delight, and found it hard to settle anywhere. Lolo, rustling among the fallen leaves, called out, "O, here's a poor little snail-shell! the snail has gone off and left it."

Lucky laughed at that, and in a few minutes called out as she did, "O, here's a poor little bug's wing! the bug has gone off and left it."

Running about to find new trees, and different shaped beech-nuts, they reached the edge of the dark evergreen woods, that bounded the maple grove. Lucky knew that, only the year before,



"This is me whaling a bear. Lucky has got his jackknife out. I can make boys' legs good now, can't I? Ida, she is so scared, she puts her hands together. The sun is scared too: he is so scared, he is pulling his mustache as hard as he can."

pictures of fairies with wands like mahl-sticks, or rest-sticks used in painting, and called the wands mahl-sticks.

After the dinner was over, Nelly (the little girl who was their "company" when they were "little housekeepers") came in. Ida and Lolo brought out their knitting, to show how they

bears had killed sheep in the pasture below ; and perhaps was thinking of this when he said, "If a bear should come here and show fight, I know what I'd do. I'd take out my jackknife (he had a new one) and open it ; and when he came at me, I'd stay still, and let it cut him right through."

"I know what I'd do," said Lolo ; "I'd pull up a tree, and whale him with it." Lucky laughed. "Well," said Lolo, "if I were strong enough, I could whale a bear."

Talking about bears made them think of other animals, and Lucky said, "I've seen a lion."

"Was it a meat lion?" asked Lolo.

"Yes, it was a meat lion."

"Well, I've seen a meat elephant," said Lolo, triumphantly. But Lucky thought he had seen more wonders than Lolo ; he had seen the cars, and some "white marble houses."

"Ho," said Lolo, beginning to be nettled, "don't you think I know anything? Haven't I been to Eastport, and seen the lake that is bigger than any river around here?"

"Yes, yes," said Lucky ; "isn't it nice out there, with the big steamboat coming in?"

"And the boats with white sails," said Ida ; "don't they look pretty?"

"And the stores," said Lolo, "and the grave-stone factory, with a pile of graves before the door."

"A pile of graves!" repeated Lucky ; "I guess you meant a pile of grave-stones that time, Lolo."

Here Lolo cried out, "O, there's a toad's cupboard! Ida, let's get it to put in our play-house."

Aunt Gitty had never heard of a toad's cupboard before, and looked with some curiosity as Lolo clambered after it over a mossy log. The

"toad's cupboard" proved to be a large scalloped fungus, growing like a shelf, on an old, decaying tree. Lolo could not get it, so Aunt Gitty broke it off for her. By and by they went home ; and as they were going down the beautiful wood road, they loitered along, and gathered mosses and vines, and wintergreen berries. Then Lolo began to sing, —

"O, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."

She knew only a line here and there, but went about humming them, till she finished this, —

"And all alone went she," —

when she stopped suddenly, and asked, "Why didn't he go hisself?"

In the pasture below, where they sat down to rest, Lolo found a frozen grasshopper, and wrapped it in leaves. It was too near winter for the poor little grasshoppers to live. Their merry life was at an end ; and so for this year was the beech-nutting for the children, and the running about on the hills. The next day the snow-flakes came whirling down, — the first of the countless millions that were to come.

Aunt Gitty was out for a walk when the snow began falling, and at every house the children were out - doors, or at the windows, watching it as it came down. Some held out their hands, to catch the flakes ; and one fat little boy set a trap for them by running with his head thrown back, and his mouth wide open.

"Your hat looks all frosty," said one boy to another. "Has mine got any snow on it?"

At her brother's, Charlie was out in the yard with his mittens and cap with ears on, his face shining with delight. "Aunt Gitty," he called after her, "you'd better run home, or you'll get snowed on."

THE SETTLE.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 1, 12, 13, is a domestic animal.
My 6, 8, 13, is used for the feet.
My 3, 10, 7, 11, is an ornament for the fingers.
My 4, 12, 2, 7, was Adam's son.
My 8, 11, 10, 13, 12, 13, 14, is to stir, or put in motion.
My 4, 5, 3, 14, is to heal.
My 6, 12, 10, 7, is one of the United States.
My 9, 8, 10, 7, is to be proud, or conceited.
My 3, 10, 1, 14, is an esculent grain.
My 8, 10, 3, is what we breathe.
My whole is to sail round.

G. N. R.

2. I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is what little boys and old men are pretty sure to have.
My 8, 14, 6, 5, 3, is a creeping reptile.
My 6, 7, is a verb.
My 9, 6, 7, is a proper noun.
My 6, 12, 5, 8, is the Latin for bird.
My 11, 6, 10, is what persons do.
My 15, 13, 4, 3, is what storekeepers do with their goods.
My 8, 13, 12, 11, 14, is a number.
My 9, 7, 6, 4, 3, is about my size.
My 12, 13, 15, 10, is what I mean to have when I grow up.



The Happy Family: Find the Wild Beasts in it.

My 5, 8, 3, 11, is sea-girl.

My 14, 11, 10, is sometimes full of hair.

My whole is my name.

L. P. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

Since Time began, my *first*, a mighty king,
Has ruled my *second* with a potent sway;
My *whole* a blessed rest and peace doth bring
To all who love to walk in wisdom's way.

CROSS WORDS.

1. I greet your eye when upon the map you look;
I greet your ear in the gentle rippling brook,
In the ocean's loud roar, and the thunder's groan,
In the nightingale's song, and the wild wind's moan.
2. The tempest may beat, and the rain may fall,
I'll shield and protect you safe from it all.
3. I go from door to door in shine or in rain,
And bring news of marriage, birth, death, loss, or gain.

M. H.

The answers to the Enigmas in the October number, are —

Enigma. — Canvas. *Anagrammatic Enigmas.* — 1. Baton Rouge. 2. Geography. 3. Addison F. Andrews. 4. The Pacific Railroad. *Charade.* — Dumb-bell. *Double Acrostic.* — Foundation words — Athens, Boston. Cross words — Arab, tornado, homes, et, no, son. *Patriotic Question.* —

The Lily must droop, and its leaves decay;
The Rose from its stem must sever;
The Shamrock and Thistle must fade away,
But the Stars will shine forever.

The "Buried City" letter in our last brings from A. H. an answer of forty-eight cities and four countries, as follows: —

Belmont, Sidon, New Haven, Lima, Rome, Washington, Thebes, Lisbon, Oneida, Hyannis, Venice, Nice, Ghent, Lynn, Ithaca, Albany, St. Louis, Tyre, Geneva, Raleigh, Hyde, Dean, Hartford, Buffalo, Berne, Perth, Otis, Cairo, Newton, Salem, Macon, Easton, Toledo, Taunton, Ayr, Augusta, Sodom, Ems, Verona, Genoa, Pisa, Andover. Sandover, Edisto, Bath, Arma, Sur, Nahant. Countries. — Turkey, Peru, Siam, Cuba.



NOVEMBER.

| | | |
|-----------------|----|---|
| Tuesday . . | 1 | All Saints Day. |
| Wednesday | 2 | All Souls Day. |
| Thursday . | 3 | William Cullen Bryant born, 1797. |
| Friday . . . | 4 | |
| Saturday . . | 5 | Battle of Inkermann, 1854. |
| Sunday . | 6 | |
| Monday . . | 7 | Battle of Prague, 1620. |
| Tuesday . . | 8 | John Milton died, 1674. |
| Wednesday | 9 | Prince of Wales born, 1841. |
| Thursday . | 10 | Trial by jury established in Constantinople, 1857. |
| Friday . . . | 11 | |
| Saturday . . | 12 | |
| Sunday . | 13 | Curran died, 1817. |
| Monday . . | 14 | |
| Tuesday . . | 15 | Accession of Christian IX., King of Denmark, 1863. |
| Wednesday | 16 | Garrison at Lucknow relieved, 1857. |
| Thursday . | 17 | Accession of Queen Elizabeth, 1558. |
| Friday . . . | 18 | Empire of Brazil established, 1825. |
| Saturday . . | 19 | Nicholas Poussin, painter, died, 1665. |
| Sunday . | 20 | King Edmund martyred by Danes, 870. |
| Monday . . | 21 | Princess Royal of England (now Princess of Prussia) born, 1840. |
| Tuesday . . | 22 | Lord Clive, founder of the British Empire in India, |
| Wednesday | 23 | Old Martinmas Day. [died, 1774. |
| Thursday . | 24 | Peace declared between Great Britain and America, 1814. |
| Friday . . . | 25 | Battle of Lookout Mountain, Georgia, 1863. |
| Saturday . . | 26 | |
| Sunday . | 27 | |
| Monday . . | 28 | |
| Tuesday . . | 29 | Sir Philip Sidney born, 1554. |
| Wednesday | 30 | |





THE FUTURE MUSICIANS OF GERMANY SINGING "THE WATCH ON THE RHINE."